

IL 134,700

IL 120,000



IL 134,700

IL 120,000

**14% BONUS.
A GREAT REASON TO CELEBRATE.**

MATMON AD 120.

IL 14,700. Your bonus when you save IL 120,000 with Matmon-AD 120. That's not all. Add up interest and the linkage which you get on both your savings and the bonus, and you'll receive IL 789,476 at the end of 6 years (at a yearly inflation rate of 35%). And you can save in 2 different ways:
 • Deposit the entire sum at once, and you'll receive the 14% bonus.

Save each month, and you'll receive a 7% bonus. If you choose both methods you may save up to a total of IL 120,000 in both accounts. The maximum sum in one account may be IL 90,000. All of your earnings will be tax-exempt after after 3 years of saving. Details may be found in all branches of the Bank Hapoalim Group.

MAKE YOUR MONEY WORK FOR YOU.

We Care.

Bank Hapoalim ^B _M

تحتفظ من الأصل

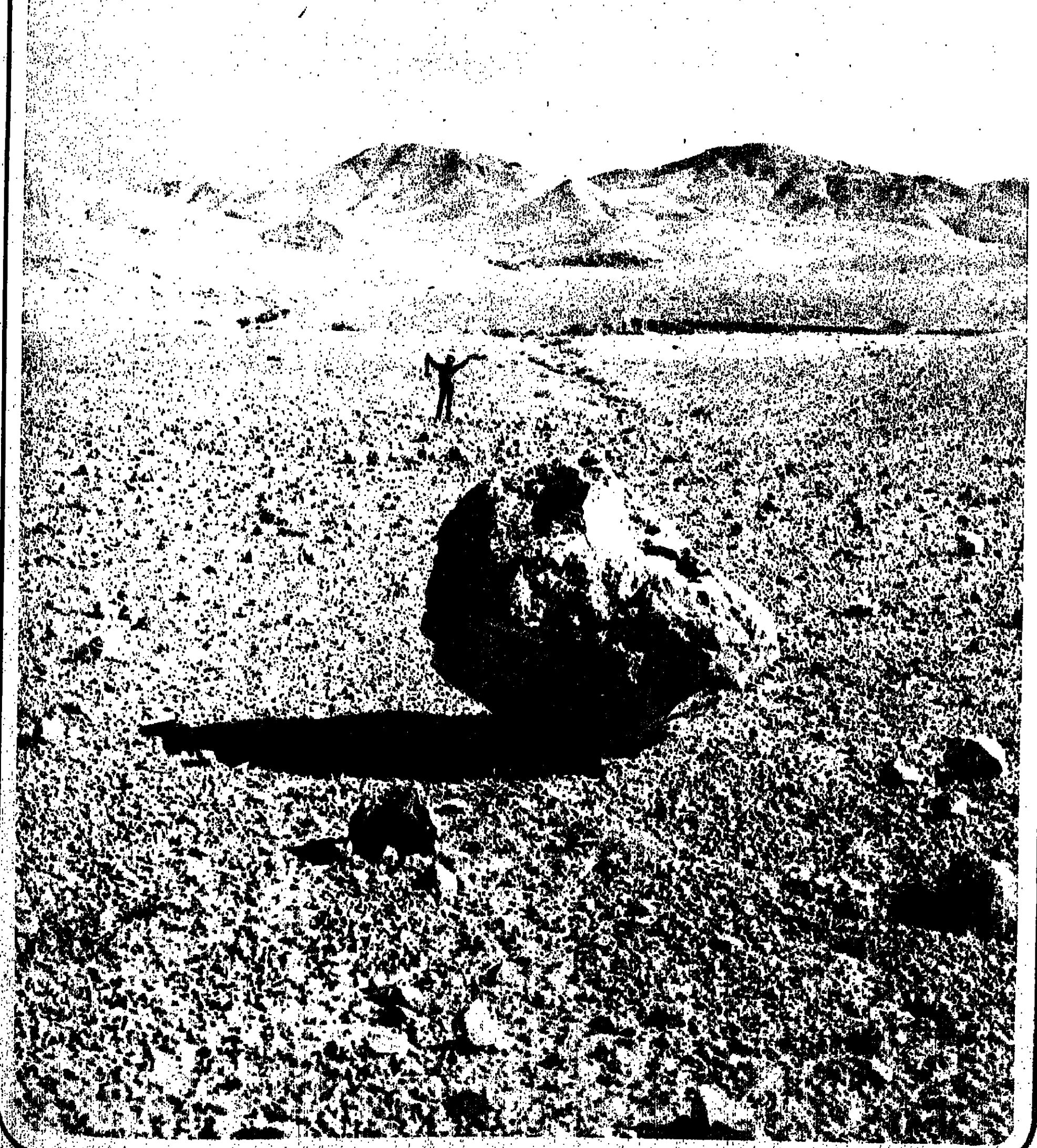
THE JERUSALEM
POST
Supplement

Monday, April 30, 1979

Independence Day 1979

'...to the Negev'

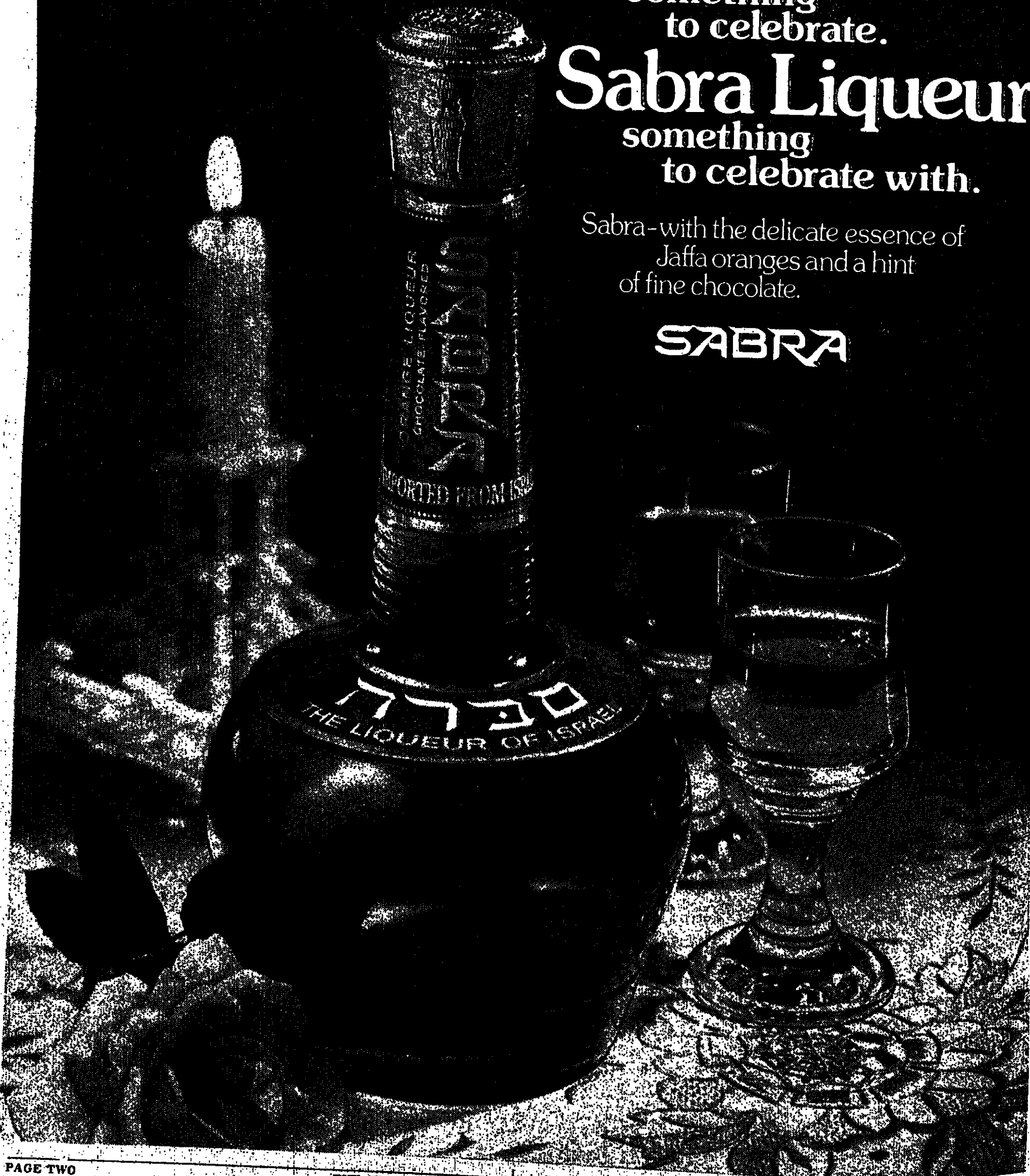
Numbers 13:17



Peace
something
to celebrate.
Sabra Liqueur
something
to celebrate with.

Sabra - with the delicate essence of
Jaffa oranges and a hint
of fine chocolate.

SABRA



הכזא מן האצל



On Israel's 31st Independence day
The United Jewish Appeal
Pledges its full partnership support
to the people of Israel
in their historic pursuit
of a true and lasting peace

**Now more than ever...
We Are One.**

Irwin S. Field
National Chairman

Frank Lautenberg
President

Irving Bernstein
Executive Vice Chairman

Chaim Vinitsky
Director General
UJA-Israel

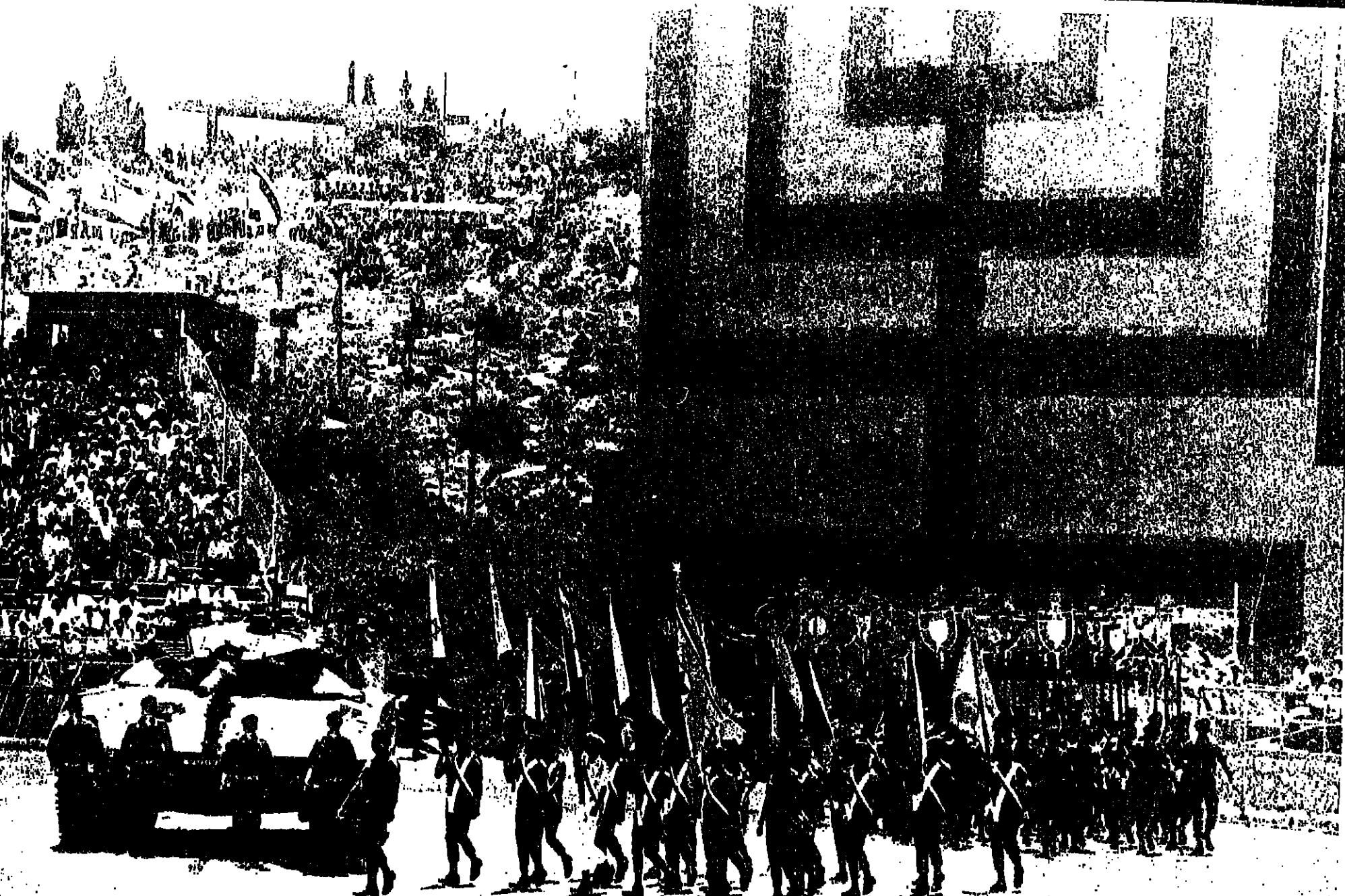
In this issue



Cover photo: Negev landscape — soon to be filled with military installations and the people manning them, as Israel pulls her defence lines out of Sinai under the peace treaty with Egypt. (Photo by Richard Lobell)

Page	Page	Page
David Hartman discusses the relationship between Independence Day and the two Remembrance Days 5	Dora Bowden describes two unique dance troupes 19	What worried Chaim Weizmann 21
Yusavov Friedler visits the beginning of the Jordan River 7	Mendel Kobansky plays tennis at a different kind of tennis club 20	Yusavov Kirschen reflects on the dry bones of American Jewry 22
Aryeh Rubinstein describes a new and unique protest movement 9	Walter Ruby strolls through "the Finger of Galilee" 23	How Arthur Ruppin viewed the Arab-Jewish problem 24
A father worries about his three fighting children during the 1948 siege of Jerusalem 13	Some books on Eretz Yisrael and Zionist history 24	Eretz Yisrael archaeology 25
Steven Rosenberg discovers an itinerant puppet show 18		

This Jerusalem Post 31st Independence Day Supplement was edited by Moshe Kohn; graphics and layout by Bernard Borniker.



THE WORLD ZIONIST ORGANIZATION and THE JEWISH AGENCY FOR ISRAEL celebrate the achievements of 31 years of Israel's independence.

May an era of peace herald the fulfilment of Zionist aspirations and dreams shared by generations of our nation and behold the ingathering of our people in our time.



"DON'T MISS THE PLANE"
Academy Travel Ltd.
HAVE THE MOST COMPETITIVE AIR FARES to Europe and America.
Visit us at 14 Rehov Trumpeldor, Tel Aviv (opposite the Sinai Hotel), Tel. 03-58165/6/7.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO A 31 YEAR OLD COUNTRY FROM A 2 YEAR OLD HOTEL

Tel Aviv Sheraton Hotel

TOUR GREECE WITH "NEOT HAKIKAR"

With an extensive 15-day tour, you can see beautiful Greece. With an unforgettable tour, Neot Hakikar-style, you will long remember that special scenery, the sea and wonderful beaches, the historical and archaeological sites, the folk-lore and the characteristic, tasty food.

THE INCLUSIVE PRICE — \$680
Departure dates, July 14, 25, August 11, 26, September 9, October 2.

Further details and registration
NEOT HAKIKAR, Jerusalem. Tel. 02-231894
ISSTA — Tel Aviv. Tel. 03-247166
GAMA TOURS — Jerusalem. Tel. 02-228314

REPORT SUSPICIOUS OBJECTS

Testing the dream

David Hartman

WITHIN a period of nine days, in the two weeks following Passover, Jews all over the world commemorate a profoundly tragic moment in Jewish history and celebrate a great redemptive moment. Just as Passover itself awakens our consciousness to our past suffering and liberation, so do these additional two occasions: Heroes and Martyrs Remembrance Day (on Nissan 17) and Israel Independence Day (Iyar 5).

On Remembrance Day we remember how the Jewish people bears witness to Judaism's perennial struggle against idolatry. When God said, "You are my witnesses...I elect you to become my covenant people," the Jewish people was given the eternal task of saying "No" to all human attempts at making anything finite the object of deification. God has no image nor form. We therefore repudiate the tendency to deify human achievements and human institutions.

It is not accidental that the two major attempts at displacing God with human power in the 20th century were by Hitler in the guise of Nazism and by Stalin in the guise of Communism. Both saw the Jewish people as an obstacle to the attainment of their goals and believed they had to uproot the Jewish presence in history if they were to succeed. As long as people everywhere are vulnerable, it is only when human beings humbly acknowledge their finitude and humanity that the Prophetic aspirations for history will begin to be realized.

On Heroes and Martyrs Remembrance Day we are called upon to be vigilant against all

modern manifestations of the deification of human achievement. On Fallen Soldiers Remembrance Day, on the eve of Independence Day, Israel remembers the price paid in human life in order to achieve liberation from the sufferings of Galut (Exile). We affirm the precious worth of each and every man and woman who gave his or her life so that we might again experience the dignity of being a self-determining political community in history. This day awakens us to the harsh fact that the dignity and the freedom we seek as a people do not constitute, in the eyes of many people, self-justifying rights. Our will to be free encounters the opposition of political forces that seek the end of the Jewish people. It reminds us that our desire for political autonomy must be supported not

only by moral argument but also by our capacity to use power to defend our right to build an autonomous Jewish civilization. We must never confuse aspirations with reality. However, neither must we ever allow reality to destroy aspirations.

ON INDEPENDENCE DAY we celebrate the possibility of Jewish dreams living within an unredeemed reality. On Independence Day we are challenged to reflect upon the goals and spiritual possibilities that political independence makes possible.

The State of Israel was created for the liberation and rebirth of the Jewish people. Our people does not exist for the sake of the

State. Israel signifies more important human values than Statehood. Besides securing the physical survival of our people, the State of Israel provides the material conditions necessary for the realization of our people's spiritual aspirations.

Throughout the Jewish world on Israel Independence Day, Jews should be asking themselves: "What are our dreams? What type of Jewish society do we wish to see? What are some of the values Judaism should be seeking to embody in the modern world? How can we best use this powerful educational instrument called the State of Israel to help Jews throughout the world to discover meaning and purpose in being Jewish?"

This year, Independence Day brings with it new hopes of peace. Though we know we are still far

from deep mutuality and trust between us and Egypt, we are grateful to God that a process with a new direction has begun in our relationship with the Arab world. We look forward to a time when Israeli children and Egyptian children can truly be friends, when both our peoples will understand and appreciate each other's spiritual culture.

We know that many heroic sacrifices will still be needed to maintain our vital security, since many Arab states do not share in this new movement towards mutuality and spiritual brotherhood. We must, as a people, live with the tension between heroic preparedness and willingness to take risks in order to realize our dreams of peace.

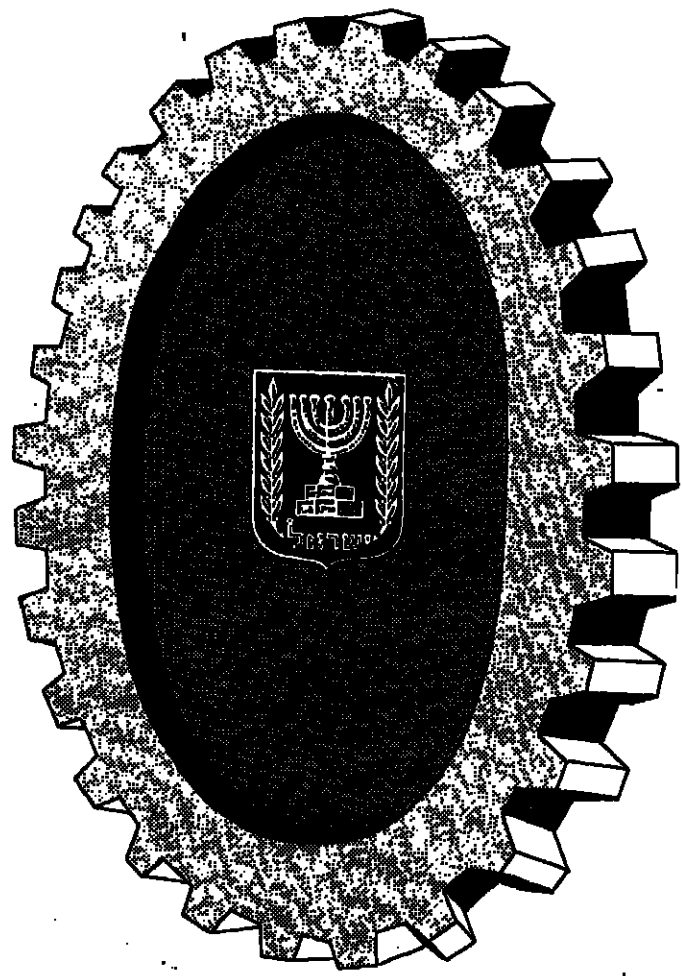
We pray for the time when the sounds of war and the need to invest so heavily in security will pass and all our efforts will be devoted to establishing a community of value to which the Jewish world and humanity as a whole will look with pride. Our prayer this Independence Day is for the renewal of the power of the spirit. Our fervent hope is that one day, together with all humanity, we shall rejoice in the Torah message that will emanate from Jerusalem. □

Dr. David Hartman is senior lecturer in Jewish history at the Hebrew University; founder and director of the Shalom Hartman Institute for Advanced Jewish Studies; special adviser to the Education and Culture Minister; and author of Maimonides: Torah and Philosophic Quest and Joy and Responsibility: Israel, Modernity and the Renewal of Judaism.

هكذا من الأصل

ONE BILLION DOLLARS

Economic Development For Peace



A billion dollar Israel Bond Issue has been launched to enable Israel to meet the staggering cost of building the Negev and, at the same time, to strengthen the nation's economy to insure a durable peace.

The Negev has become the focus of a massive program of re-development. The signing of a peace treaty with Egypt necessitates the movement not just of military installations to the Negev,

but also of thousands of residents for whom homes, jobs, roads, communications, irrigation, transportation and power, along with the necessities of everyday life, must be provided.

It will cost billions of dollars to build this new and vital frontier.

Prime Minister Menahem Begin has said: "Israel Bonds have been a major, indeed indispensable instrument of our economic well-being and growth."

THE RIVER JORDAN goes all the way back to the early chapters of Genesis, as every Bible reader knows. Yet very few people, even in Israel, can say where the Jordan actually starts. Sdeh Nehemiah, a verdant kibbutz in the Huleh Valley northeast of Kiryat Shmona, in Upper Galilee, is where.

Inside the kibbutz, on its western border of the settlement, the Dan-Banias and Hatzbani streams, flowing down along the two sides of a triangular little tongue of land, join at the apex to become the Jordan River, the river that God told Moses he shall not cross. As a matter of fact, in order to reach the kibbutz one must cross the Jordan, from east to west, via a Bailey-type bridge, spanning less than 100 metres south of the river's start. The bridge was built in 1956, to replace a ramshackle narrow wooden one.

Remarkably, there is no "Yardena" among the kibbutz-born sabras, and the only person named after the river in Sdeh Nehemiah is a Jerusalem-born woman who married a member of the settlement. However, one of the forms in the local school is called "Yarden."

The overriding impression of a visit to the spot, in one of tranquillity, high and soft grass, a lot of vegetation, roads along the river bank, and a general feeling of awe at standing at the beginning of the world's best-known river — one with a history as wide as the Pacific Ocean and as long as the Mississippi, Congo and Amazon Rivers combined, but with only a creek-sized flow of water. However, its quiet aspect at Sdeh Nehemiah is deceptive.

Today, the Hatzbani, Dan-Banias and Jordan all have carefully laid out and virtually ruler-straight beds in their courses down the Huleh. And when we visited the spot late in March, at the end of a rain-poor winter, they flowed slowly southward, not even half filling the deep sloping banks that were dug for them.

BUT IT WAS NOT always thus. Uri Goren, the kibbutz secretary and one of its founders in 1940, vividly recalls the "night of the flood" one Thursday in January, 1958. At that time, the rivers were still flowing in their natural serpentine confusion, and during a heavy rain season they overflowed with a vengeance. "The water rose at an amazing speed, and in a short time the whole southern part of our kibbutz was half a metre deep in muddy water," Uri recalls.

Some veterans who listened in to our conversation smiled with a nod and pointed out how the water had got into that knee-high wellingtons.

An hour later the water level had risen to two metres, and by midnight it was decided to evacuate the children, though they were housed quite a distance from the flood. By then the roads had become impassable for all but front-wheel drive vehicles, and the army sent in trucks to do the evacuation. The children spent the rest of the night at Kfar Giladi. During the night, army sappers blew up a mass of soil and stones that was blocking the Jordan bed, and the flood soon subsided, making possible the children's return the next morning, in time for the Sabbath.

That Friday, Agriculture Minister Moshe Dayan and Labour Minister Yigael Alon arrived at the kibbutz for a personal inspection and ordered Tahal, the water-planning com-

Above: where the Hatzbani (foreground left) and Dan-Banias converge to form the Jordan River. Below: bridge across the Dan-Banias connects Sdeh Nehemiah's mainland with its pleasure isle. (Zvi Rogov)

Where the Jordan begins

Ya'acov Friedler

pany, to straighten out the rivers. Eventually, Tahal gave them their present safely straight beds. The plans for the straightening-out operation included cutting away a small promontory. But the engineers headed the kibbutzniks' plea not to deprive them of their little "peninsula" and compromised by cutting a bed through it, leaving Sdeh Nehemiah with a little island, perhaps the only one in the Jordan.

Today, the island is lush with verdant vegetation and trees, and serves the kibbutz as a "summer retreat," approachable via a small pontoon bridge they built across the Dan-Hatzbani but reserved for the exclusive use of the settlers, with strangers warned to keep out. The little isle harbours the kibbutz swimming pool,

a tennis court and a beautiful picnic site.

Again, it was not always thus. When Sdeh Nehemiah was founded in 1940, "we picked this out of the way spot because we were halutzim, against the advice of the Jewish Agency Settlement Department, which offered us a more convenient site in the central part of the country," Uri recalls. "For several years we pumped our water straight out of the Jordan, which was still infested with buffalo and predatory fish at the time, yielding 'liquid chocolate' rather than water, and for many years we suffered from

dysentery and typhus." The conveniently close river also served the kibbutzniks as their only shower for several years, and they vividly recall how the now-extinct barbel fish used to dart between their legs and pinch their soap.

Today, the only fish that may occasionally be found at Sdeh Nehemiah are carps that have escaped from the fish ponds of nearby kibbutzim, Dan and Daphna. Sdeh Nehemiah once had 500 dunams of fish ponds of its own, but last year decided to dry them and plant cotton instead.

THAT FAR NORTH the Jordan is still a pretty cold river, its water temperature ranging from 13-14 degrees centigrade in the winter, to only 19 degrees in the summer.

This is very good for the settlement's Huloth plastics factory, which uses the river's water for cooling, thus saving a lot of energy and money that other plants must invest to cool their water supply.

As in so many kibbutzim, the factory now is the biggest money-earner, and farming — 2,000 dunams of cotton and 1,200 tons of apples — is only second. Sdeh Nehemiah does not complain: "Our finances are pretty good," Uri says, in a welcome departure from the traditional rustic's painting the economic picture in gloomy colours. Indeed, the kibbutz is now building its new dining hall. Affiliated to Ihud Hakevutzot Vehakibbutzim, Sdeh Nehemiah some years ago moved the children up to age 13 from the children's houses to the homes of their parents.

THE PEOPLE of Sdeh Nehemiah are somewhat nonchalant about living at the source of the Jordan. "We show it to tourists, but we keep it as quiet as possible so as not to be bothered with floods of visitors," they shrug. Those of us who remember the old paper pound notes, "when money was still money," will recall that it had a picture of the beginning of the Jordan on one side, though "it was incorrectly drawn," Uri says.

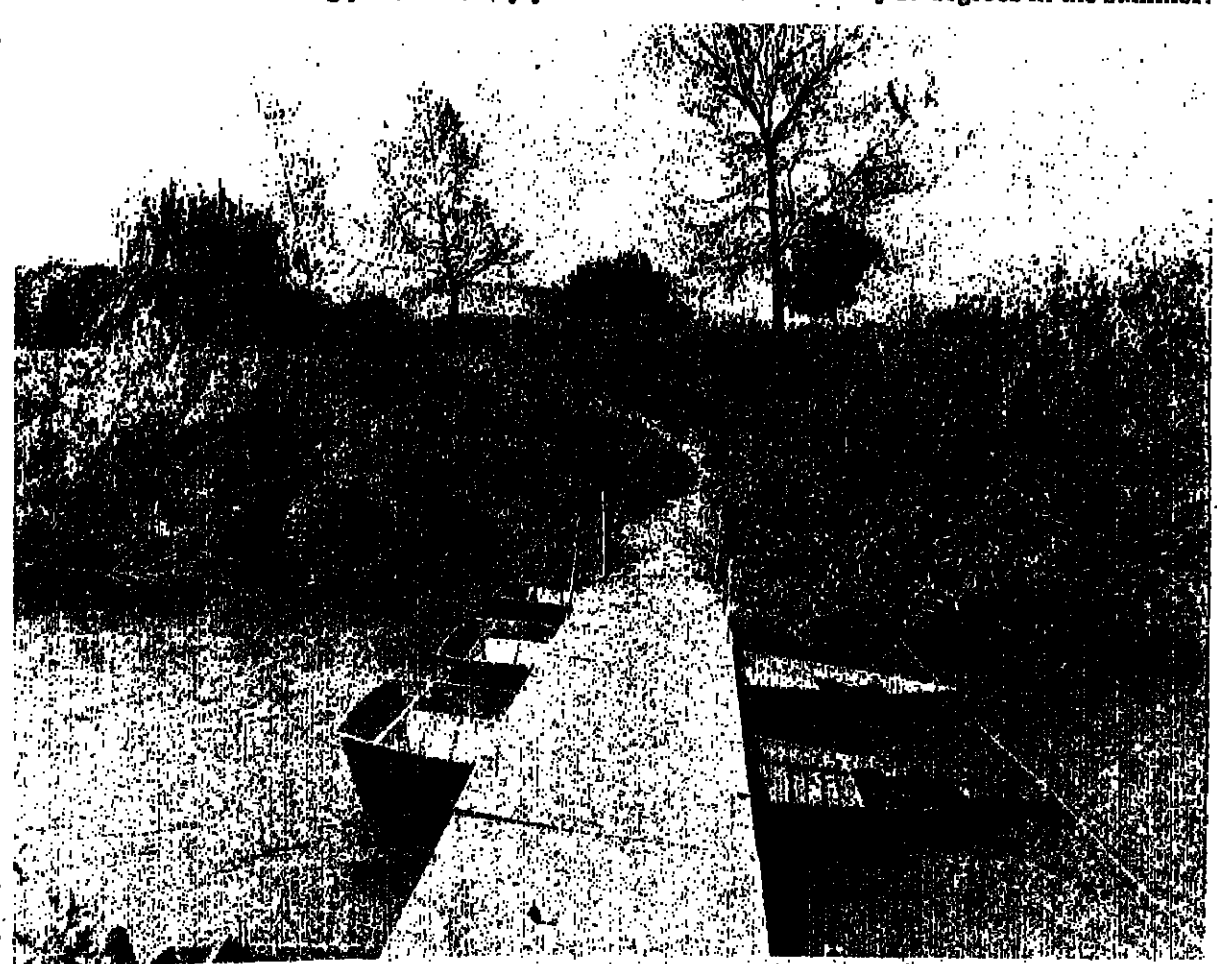
Whether you are welcome or not, the site is worth a visit, and for those who study fauna, there are storks and pelicans and other birds aplenty, as well as small mammals usually found around rivers, such as nutria. Occasionally, a wild boar or a snake puts in an appearance.

When the river bed was being straightened, the diggers came upon the foundations of an old Mameluke bridge. For some reason nothing was done about the antique remains, except photographing them from the air (Sdeh Nehemiah never got a copy of the photo). But it one looks very hard, one can still discover a stone or two of the old foundations.

Sdeh Nehemiah was founded by halutzim from Holland, Czechoslovakia and Austria, who had formed a settlement group named Huloth, which trained near Rehovot. The Dutch members proposed the name Sdeh Nehemiah, to commemorate a well-known Dutch Jewish banker and Zionist, Nehemiah deLyme. And after much arguing, the name carried the day over "Huloth." But "Huloth" was not forgotten, and when the plastics factory was established, the name was a natural for it. Thus, in their middle age, all the founders were given nominal satisfaction, and the argument was closed.

AFTER FLOWING in and out of the five books of the Torah, the Jordan appears once more shortly before Moses' death (Deuteronomy 31:2) at age 120, when he tells the Israelites: "God has told me that I may not cross the Jordan." More than three thousand years later, we the descendants of the people to whom Moses said that, are not thus constrained. Right near the Jordan's start there is a wide and powerful bridge allowing us to go over this Jordan by everything from foot to heavy trucks.

Only the crossing to Sdeh Nehemia's private little island is forbidden to outsiders, unless, like myself, you surreptitiously open the gate when nobody is looking. It is in fact the Dan-Banias rather than the Jordan that one crosses at that spot, but you're only a few metres off. And it's worth the effort.



THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL COUNT ON US TO DO OUR SHARE.

More than two million have invested 4.3 billion dollars in Israel Bonds since 1951.

WHAT WILL YOU BUY YOUR FAMILY FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY?

This year, the year of peace, buy your family the most suitable gift.

The 1979 Independence Day Coin, issued by the Bank of Israel, is dedicated to the Israeli mother. This subject is expressed on the coin in the excerpt from Psalms 113, verse 8, referring to "a joyful mother of children," and the engraving of a woman clasping her child.

The coin is legal tender with a nominal value of IL50, and is issued in silver 500 in two versions: brilliant uncirculated and proof diameter 34 mm., weight 20 grams.

Only one coin of each type may be ordered by each person.



MOTHER AND CHILD COIN

As in previous years, this year too a Mint Set, comprising the coins in circulation, is issued. All coins are struck in copper-nickel (with the exception of the one-Agura coin), and mintmarked with a Star of David.

The 1979 set includes, for the first time, the new five Irit coin.

Only two sets may be purchased by each person.



The above coins and sets may be obtained by completing the coupon, which should be sent, together with a cheque for the appropriate amount, to our Head Office in Jerusalem. Orders postmarked after May 30 will be returned to the sender. Purchases may also be made by visiting our Jerusalem office, and our branches at Rehov Mendele, Tel Aviv until May 30.

Israel Government Coins and Medals Corp. 5 Rehov Ahud Ha'am, Jerusalem.

Please register me as a subscriber, and send me the 1979 Independence Day coins, as follows:

Description	Quantity	Price	Total
Silver 500	(one only)	IL240	
Silver proof	(one only)	IL470	
Mint Set	(up to two)	IL 80	

Enclosed cheque for IL.....

Surname.....
 First name.....
 Address.....
 Identity no.....
 Signature.....

Prices include V.A.T. and postage. Orders must be sent by May 30, 1979. The postmark on the envelope will be proof of date of postage. Delivery within 12 weeks from the date of receipt of orders.

הכרזה מן האלון

Quest for partnership



Marching for Beautiful Israel, Independence Day, 1978. (David Rubinger)

Aryeh Rubinstein

HASDAI MAKES it clear that, in spite of his knitted kipa, he is no sympathizer of Gush Emunim, which he thinks has a naive view of what ideology can accomplish in the realm of foreign affairs. But he is highly critical of the peace agreement with Egypt.

Israel's acceptance of the old international boundary with Egypt was an error of the utmost magnitude, Hasdai maintains. If there had been a token border revision — even of only three kilometres westward — it would have made all the difference. For it is an illusion to think that Syria, after that precedent, will settle for less than Israel's total withdrawal from the Golan Heights.

But his next sentence is not what the audience expected: "Thus, paradoxically, the accord with Egypt has closed the door to agreements with Jordan and Syria."

Consequently, says Hasdai, Israel may before long be fighting for its very survival. Yet the Establishment is trying to lull the people into a feeling of complacency and wellbeing, with assurances that "at long last we have broken out of the stranglehold" and that a glorious era of flowering and prosperity lies ahead.

Millitarily, he says, we have been in tougher spots in the past — in 1948, for example. But never was our social position so bad. There is a widespread feeling that the state is disintegrating, that there is something basically wrong with the fabric of our society.

licences could be issued only to applicants who had 20 years of production labour behind them. And schools could teach some manual trade once a week and require their pupils to do some sort of manual labour during the summer vacations. But if a young man can earn twice as much as a bank clerk than as a lathe operator, why should he choose the latter?

When Hasdai said that he was not for a planned society but for a cooperative society, someone asked him what kind of cooperation he had in mind. He replied with a series of questions: "What are you doing to help Ekron [a nearby new-olim settlement]? Why don't two or three of you go to live there? And how often have you persuaded one of your capable young men to become a teacher rather than to manage one of your economic enterprises?"

In spite of the sharpness of the questions, Hasdai continues in his even tone, never raising his voice. It is a little after 11 p.m. when he sums up, an hour and a half after he began:

"The State of Israel is facing a crisis. The earth is shaking beneath us. There are very few cases when people in similar circumstances opened their eyes in time. What is Givat Brenner doing outside of Givat Brenner? Ask yourselves: Considering the plight of the State, are you contributing in accordance with your ability?"

But it is not over yet. Half a dozen people gravitate towards the speaker, and then another three or four.

"You really haven't told us anything new," observed one young man, who planted himself opposite Hasdai and carried on most of the subsequent conversation with him. It was not clear whether he meant "nothing that you haven't said in your book" or "nothing we didn't know even without reading your book." But Hasdai doesn't quibble.

"If that is so," he says, "organize a cell in Givat Brenner. Urge other kibbutzim to do the same. Discuss the problem at HaKibbutz Hame'uhad gatherings. If you can interest even two or three persons in each kibbutz, you can form a pressure group within the Labour Party. And you can tell them: 'If you won't change from within, we'll work for change from without.'"

One older woman asks Hasdai where he grew up. "In Tel Aviv," he replies. "That was pretty obvious," she says mysteriously, and marches off.

By now it is close to midnight, and Hasdai's last word is this: "If I can get 500 people who will not only agree on what must be done but who are also prepared to devote one evening a week to this for the next three years, we can change the face of the State."

FROM THE ABOVE summary, it would appear that Hasdai devoted most of his lecture to foreign affairs and security, and that is subsequently told me is what emerges from my notes. But even if he did, that is not a true reflection of his order of priorities. The only way we can extricate ourselves from our present plight, he is convinced, is by making some basic changes in domestic policy; in social and economic affairs.

For one thing, our ability to change things, or to succeed in getting what we would like, in foreign affairs is extremely limited. Of course, a capable negotiator can squeeze a little more out of the other side and an unskilled one can squeeze a little less. For instance, taxi

FOR THE PAST six months, Ya'acov Hasdai has been travelling over the country four or five times a week in order to tell a variety of audiences what most of them already felt: that there's something basically wrong with Israel society. But he articulates their vague uneasiness so persuasively that some of them have been moved to do something.

It all started with the publication last September of Hasdai's 176-page book, *Emet Betzel Humilhana* (Truth in the Shadow of War), a post-Yom Kippur War book with a difference.

In a full-page review of the book in these pages last October 17, the prediction was made that it would become a classic. But neither the reviewer nor the author anticipated that the book would have such a quick impact.

Hasdai has been bombarded with invitations to come and speak about the problems discussed in the book. He estimates that in the past six months he has addressed more than 100 audiences. About half of his lectures have been delivered in kibbutzim, and the remainder on university campuses, in synagogues, in high schools, at parlor meetings, and in cultural centres both in the larger cities and in development towns.

Hasdai, who is 41, "was retired" from the Israel Defence Forces last June, after his contract was not renewed. A month before the contract was due to expire, he reminded his immediate superior of the date and asked him to let him know what plans the IDF had for him. When the month went by without a word, Aluf-Mishne (Colonel) Hasdai cleaned out his desk and said goodbye.

This, after a 22-year career in the IDF as a combat soldier, combat commander, and commandant of the Central Officers Training School and the Command and Staff College. Hasdai was severely wounded while leading a unit in the assault on Suez City in the 1973 war, and he then served as a chief investigator for the Agranat Commission. For his conduct during the Six Day War he was awarded a Merit Citation by the chief of staff, and then a Medal of Valour.

IT IS SAFE to assume that the IDF's decision to dispense with Hasdai's services was connected with the 12-page letter he wrote in 1974 to then Defence Minister Shimon Peres, and which constitutes the first chapter of his book. In the letter, he made some harsh criticism of the deterioration in the level of military thinking, of the decline in the values and lifestyle of army officers, and of the criteria used in the selection of commanders with the prize often going to the most accomplished bootlicker.

His retirement may have been influenced even more by an article he wrote in that period whose publication was banned. In it, he presented his views on the military lessons to be learned from the Yom Kippur War and tried to refute what he calls "myths and legends" that were passed off as the "lessons" of the war.

Hasdai would have every right to be bitter, but neither in his book, nor in two of his talks that I heard, nor in our interview, did I detect the slightest trace of resentment. He speaks in a monotone, and neither by inflection nor gesture does he attempt to add emphasis to his words. As if to say: "If you are not gripped by the gravity of my subject, no oratorical devices will help."

I attended Hasdai's lecture at

(Continued from page 9)

Incompetent one can mess things up. But beyond that, in foreign affairs our fate is largely dictated by factors over which we have no control, Hasdai says.

He sees domestic reform as the key to our future for another reason. Looking back, he links the failures of the Yom Kippur War to the decline in the moral fibre of Israel society as a whole. That is why he rejects the explanation that the element of surprise accounts for those failures.

"Values and culture are not created in the army," he writes in his book. "Their source is in the society. If you want to understand the way the British fought in the world wars, you have to watch their behaviour in the law courts and on the soccer fields. If you want to understand why the Americans failed in Vietnam there is no need to make an on-the-spot investigation; you will do better to study what was taking place in those years on the American campuses."

Looking forward, he writes that one of the important conditions for establishing peace is a strong, united society. "For a disintegrating, decaying society, borders and peace will not be worth the paper they are written on." Yet, unless action is taken soon, he foresees a deterioration in our economic situation and a widening of the social gap.

Most of the ills of Israel society that Hasdai discusses in his book and in his lectures are so well known that it suffices to mention them telegraphically:

With respect to building regulations, traffic regulations, and the payment of taxes, the violation of the law has become the norm. Violence and extortion are on the increase. In the civil service there is little service and even less civility. In labour relations the ability to extort has become the prime value that determines what the worker will get for his labour. Black money not only makes a mockery of the law but it also tends to link up with the underworld.

In a sense, then, the kibbutznik who observed that Hasdai is not telling us anything new was quite right. But Hasdai expresses this dormant knowledge with such incisiveness and authority that we begin to see the sheer horror of many aspects of our lives that we have learned to live with.

WHAT HE SAYS in his book about the social gap deserves special mention, not only because it is probably our gravest domestic problem, but also because it illustrates Hasdai's basic approach.

On one level, he says, the term "social gap" (which by and large means the gap between Ashkenazim and Sephardim) refers to the fact that there is a broad stratum of Israelis with low earnings who live in economic distress. But many immigrant settlements that were established in the 1950s are now prosperous, and economically their members have nothing to complain about.

The improvement, however, has taken place only in the standard of living, and not in the quality of life. The schools in these settlements are still backward and the quality of the cultural and social services is inferior.

Tremendous sums and considerable energy have been invested in improving the standard of living of the poverty-stricken, but no parallel effort has been made in the area of social and public education. The reason, Hasdai guesses, is that the latter



Protesting against Moshe Dayan's appointment as foreign minister, 1977.

task is much more difficult.

Another expression of this neglect of the improvement of the quality of life is that most of the funds invested in the poor have been expended in the form of direct grants or payments; relatively small amounts have been invested in the development of social services.

If a poor family must choose between buying a larger flat and investing the money in the children's education, the chances are that it will buy the flat. Thus, says Hasdai, by giving direct payments, the state relinquishes the opportunity to give such families positive direction.

Again, the policy has been to give privileges or benefits to the poorer classes without demanding anything in return. When a modern, spacious school is built in a depressed neighbourhood, why can't the parents be given the responsibility of preventing vandalism? Hasdai asks. And when a youth centre is built, shouldn't the young people who use it be required to care for it and keep it clean?

"Assistance given without any quid pro quo tends to encourage dependence and apathy, and it suppresses the urge for activity and creativity on the part of the recipients."

HASDAI SAYS that the IDF could be one of the places where the advancement of the disadvantaged could begin. But the famous pronouncement of former Chief-of-Staff Mordchaai Gur, (who is not mentioned by name) that the reason so few soldiers from the Oriental communities get to be senior officers lies in their education or mentality "does not indicate that the IDF is taking the lead in this matter."

He himself proposed a few years ago that the most promising of the disadvantaged recruits be selected, immediately upon enlistment, and be given special training designed to turn them into officers. Based on his own experience in training officers, Hasdai believes that this would

work. But he never received an answer to his proposal, which was sent to "a correct, senior adviser."

Readers who belong to the middle class who have found themselves in agreement with Hasdai up to this point may well read his strictures against "the worship of money," which he says now typifies Israel society.

No Israeli government has yet had the courage and the strength to demand that the public put the national interest before an easy life for itself, or has been capable of adopting unpopular decisions, says Hasdai.

But he seems to blame the public more than the politicians. "The views of the affluent society and the consumer society are one of the chief causes of the social disintegration in Israel and of the collapse of concepts of justice and decency in society." The good life, he says, has become the ultimate ideal.

Many people have written to Hasdai to express their agreement with him and to encourage him to carry on. Some of the letters go beyond that and say that writing and talking are not enough: the time has come for action.

Hasdai invited 50 of these enthusiasts to a meeting during Pessah week in a hall near his home in the Jewish Quarter of Jerusalem's Old City.

Some of them must have been about 80 persons present. Such places as Beersheba, Shlomi and Petah Tikva were represented; and there was an especially large contingent from Haifa, including a group of Technion students. Though not one of the letter-writers, I was there too.

Hasdai told the gathering that he did not intend to repeat the mistake of the various post-Yom Kippur War reform and protest movements that had rushed to organize without having a clear and agreed ideological basis. He would therefore summarize his beliefs, and then would like to

hear the ideas of the audience. They would all then have a better idea of how much they had in common.

Fourteen of the audience spoke, and almost every one of them had a different idea of what course the group should take, but about half of them thought that priority should be given to projects aimed at narrowing the social gap. Only one of the participants advocated the formation of a political party, holding that in no other way could anything be accomplished.

Bruria, of Ramat Aviv, seemed to express the mood of most of those present. What was needed, she said, was not a revolution but an organization of people who were prepared to move one stone after another and slowly build a society that could stand up to any dangers that we may have to face.

She mentioned the good work that volunteers are doing in summer camps for deprived children, and said that "every one of us" must undertake some sort of voluntary activity. On the spot, she invited Hasdai to address a group in Ramat Aviv, and on the spot he accepted.

One concrete result of that meeting was the formation of six sub-groups (including one of Technion students, one of Jerusalemites, and one of kibbutz members), each of whose members got into a huddle then and there, and fixed a date for their next meeting in their own way. They said they would keep Hasdai posted on their progress.

IN OUR INTERVIEW, Hasdai elaborates on his twin ideas of cooperation between citizens and the citizens' independence of state favours.

The basic principle, he says, is that in order to be eligible for state services, the citizen must belong to some group, society, or organization. But he alone decides what group this will be.

For example: schools should not be run by the state, but by voluntary societies. The state would set standards for the appointment of teachers and for school buildings and facilities; set a minimum curriculum; lay down the maximum number of pupils in a class; administer key examinations, and the like. But within those limitations, every school society would "do its own thing."

Let there be 50 such societies," Hasdai says. And let them compete with one another. And let the best — not man, but the best society — win. He wants competition, but between groups — not between individuals.

Health services are another example. No state-run hospitals, sick funds, or clinics. Six to eight competing sick funds, but with complete freedom for every citizen to choose the one he wishes. And no health services to the individual who does not belong to one of them.

I asked Hasdai what he learned from his meeting in the Old City with the 50 supporters who were raring for action. He says he was heartened to see so many participants in the 20-40 age range. Despite the wide variety of ideas that were thrown out, he thinks there is a common denominator for most of those who came. But benefit will be able to be judged only in two or three months.

"My problem," Hasdai says, "is whether there is already an ideological infrastructure that allows action." That was the purpose of the meeting: to see whether the time to organize has

come.

There are people who have read Hasdai's book — some of them served under him in the IDF — who are ready to follow him wherever he will lead. But that is exactly what he doesn't want. He feels the need for a brain trust to help him work out an ideology, and wants his supporters to come in with their eyes open.

He has no intention of forming a political party that will put up candidates for the Knesset — not at this stage, at any rate. If his book and his lectures lead to the formation of an organization, he says, well and good. But he is not actively seeking an organization.

I ask Hasdai whether, when he wrote the book, he thought that it might lead to political action. He allows that he did consider that possibility. But he belongs to the slow-and-steady-wins-the-race school. The leaders of the Democratic Movement for Change are the first to admit that they made the mistake of going off half-cocked, and the lesson has not been lost on Hasdai — experienced fighter-commander and trained historian (he now teaches Hebrew Jewish history at the Hebrew University).

He says he doesn't want anyone who joins him to "get hurt" — by staking too much on the success of whatever organization is established — as did happen in some of the protest movements. That's why he is so cautious.

"Today," Hasdai says, "I can still stop at any moment. But when I get those 500 people it is a point of no return. It will end in a miserable failure or in a glorious success."

WHAT HE WILL propose to the 500, if they do materialize, is two things: first, that they form small groups with a social goal; secondly, that they be part of a larger movement that seeks to change the political and social order. The second alone is not enough, he explains. "It lacks the element of individual self-actualization."

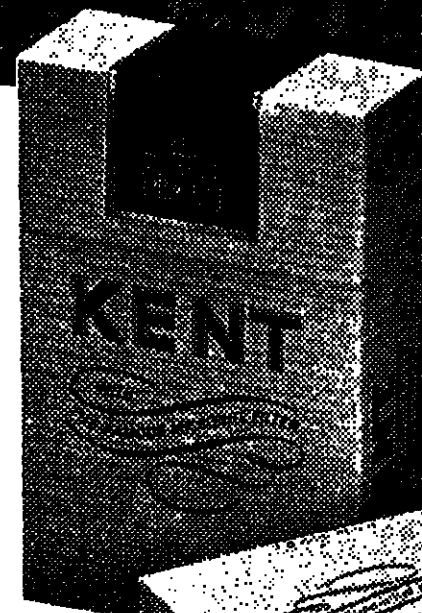
As an example of the kind of social-purpose group he has in mind, Hasdai mentions an existing circle of Paratroop veterans who have taken it upon themselves to give aid and succour to the families of fallen paratroopers.

They run a one-week summer camp for hundreds of widows and orphans, take them on excursions, and arrange for them to attend artistic performances. And it is all financed by voluntary contributions: not one agora comes from the government.

Hasdai says that his idea-ideal is not original: it is in line with progressive thinking in Western countries that are seeking a way to combat the alienation of the individual by a return to the community basis of living. "If I am right," he says, "it is the idea of the 21st century."

In his book, Hasdai writes that where people feel they are partners in their state and society there is created the basis for the fostering of values that require sacrifices by the individual for the sake of the general weal. But where the belief in such a partnership has been undermined, there begins the race in which each individual and group seeks only what is to its own benefit.

"The value of a nation in the eyes of its members," he writes, "is expressed in their belief that their existence as a nation; that it is not a chance collection of human beings, but that they bear values and a culture that contribute to mankind as a whole."



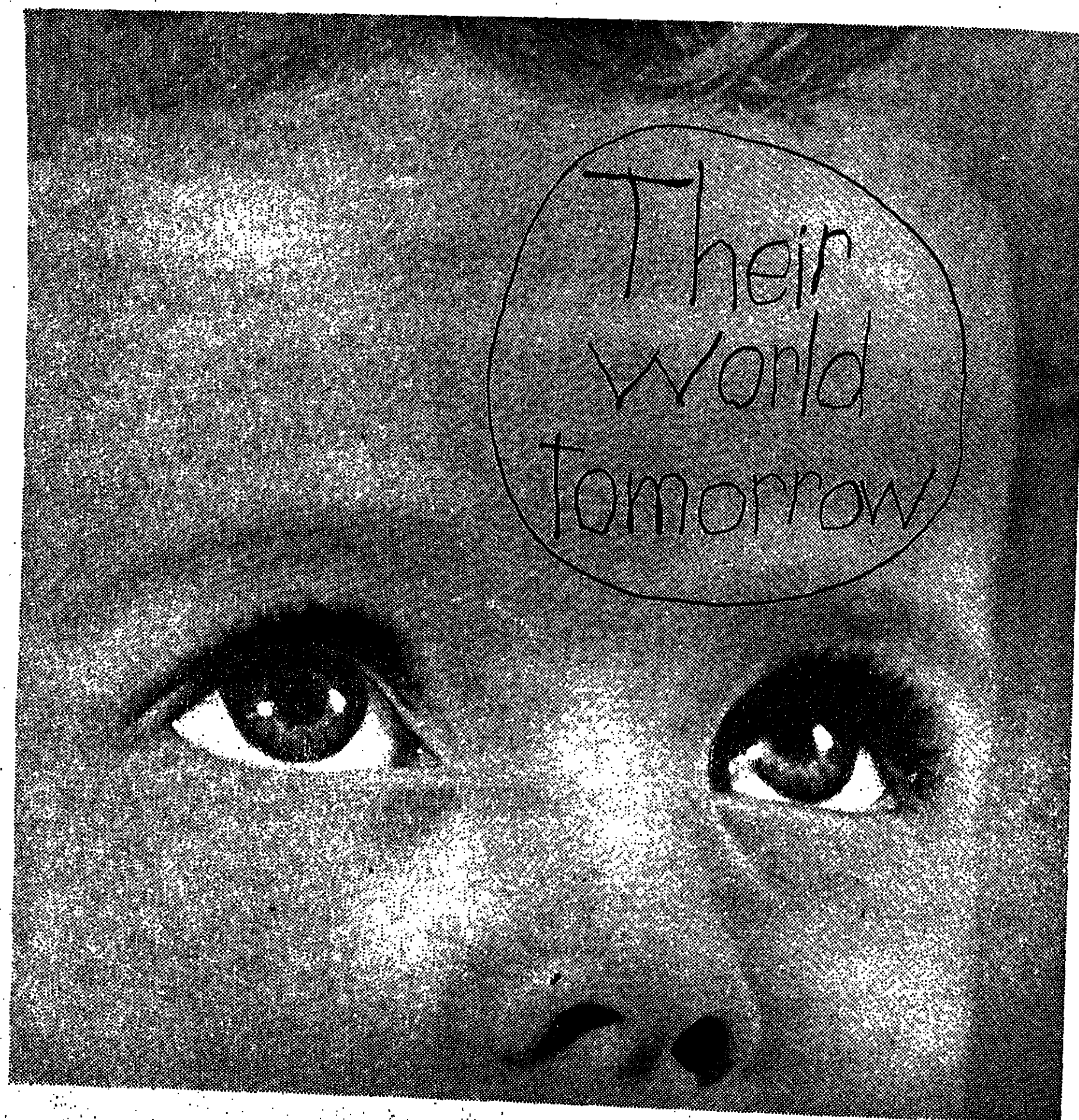
YOU CAN SMOKE WITH PEACE OF MIND

Move up to Kent and enjoy America's quality cigarette. Kent's unique mild taste comes from the combination of the fine tobacco blend and the famous Micronite filter. Millions are now smoking Kent with peace of mind... you can, too.

KENT IT'S PRICELESS!

אמריקני קנט

הכרזה מן האכל



Shaping tomorrow's world for tomorrow's citizens is a task of challenge and responsibility. High in the priorities is the need to develop the world's food-producing resources to sustain a population that increases annually by 50 millions. Heavier and healthier crops are essential, and ICI's crop-production chemists are playing a leading part in the efforts now being made—not without success—to produce them. Concurrently with this work, other ICI scientists in many fields are pursuing, in the Company's pharmaceutical research laboratories, the quest for new and more efficient weapons in the fight against diseases that afflict not only man but also those animals that provide him with meat and milk, hides and wool. The task is by no means complete. Much remains to be done. In ICI laboratories, the diligent, patient search continues for means of winning nature's bounty in increasing measure and ensuring, for tomorrow's citizens, a longer span for its enjoyment.

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED, LONDON, ENGLAND

In Israel: ICI (ISRAEL) LTD., P.O. Box 1703, America House, 35 Sderot Shaul Hamolech, Tel Aviv



هكذا من الأصيل

A cruel day for father

Under siege in Jerusalem

WE have been expecting the British to give up the Mandate on Saturday, May 15, precisely. Whether this would mean all troops being evacuated from Jerusalem at the same time is not clear. Fears that they might hand over the General Building to the Arabs have been almost dispelled today; people are saying there's been a "deal" over this and the General Post Office, that we're getting them.

On the other hand, as regards the Anglo-Palestine Bank, the Russian Compound, Barclays Bank, the German Colony, the Police Training School, etc., one hardly dares think of them. And access to the Old City! What ought we do? What should we attack first? Will the Arabs be first to enter the British Zone? When will the Arab Legion, especially the Arab Legion, enter the fight?

What about arms on the 15th? What about new immigrants? One hardly dares ask these questions—one suddenly tries to persuade oneself, in spite of earlier doubts, to trust our leaders. Something is bound to happen, something we know nothing about: the American Jews—an agreement with Abdullah—*Netzah Yisrael* (the indestructibility of Israel)—something.

We're all ready to do our share, although we know it won't be easy. AND now the Legion's attack on Kfar Etzion. They need a military success to regain the confidence of the Arabs... The big question in Jerusalem: what's the position at Bab el-Wad (Sha'ar Hagal)? Is Kfar Etzion completely lost? But we keep on hoping.

I'm glad I've left [Mishmar Ha'em] and joined the Rehavia detachment of HLM (Hagana Home Guard), although at the moment with no important duties; since Katamon has been captured, our section is of no practical importance. Most people are on duty three times a week, one night, two half-day shifts. The majority are from Germany, most them talking German, aged 40-55. Who but a yekke would volunteer for patrol duty, with Mishmar Ha'em so much easier?

For a week there's been full-time service for everyone under 40, except bakers, teachers and a few others. It's difficult to imagine how all these people are going to be posted, fed, billeted, etc. But it's essential.

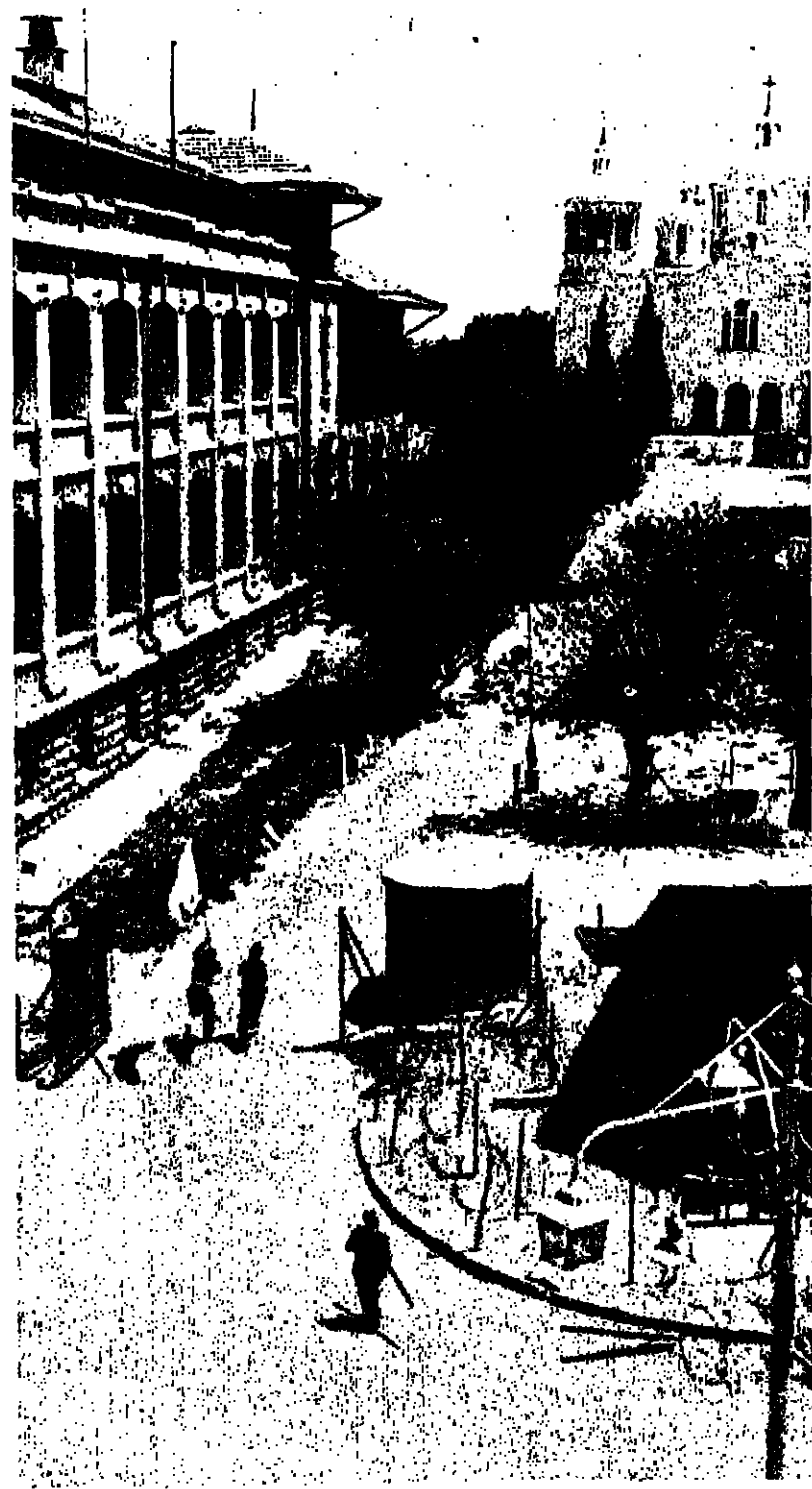
The "battle of the posters" for and against the conscription of yekke students disgusts me. It isn't a pretty spectacle when the Military Police bring these and other "shirkers" to court. Last week they were rounded up in trucks, taken off to barracks, and made to do cleaning jobs. The Hagana radio has told their families that they are all right. "I don't know whether it's worth while getting up (no electricity)."

MAY 14—The night was quiet. General tension on Jaffa Road; people now know that the General Post Office, Anglo-Palestine Bank are "ours." The barbed wire along Jaffa Road is being dismantled.

Visit my section; nobody knows anything. Are all the shops in the city closed? (Yesterday some people were afraid of Lehi [Stern Group] break-ins in the absence of the male population.

THESE are excerpts from a diary kept by a Jerusalem lawyer, Dr. Max Lorch, an artillery officer in the German Army in World War I and a commander in the Hagana, from May 13, 1948, the day before the declaration of the State of Israel, to just after the end of the first truce on July 9. He and his wife Hannah had three children: Netanel, now Clerk of the Knesset; Yaacov, then an agricultural student, now Professor of Botany at the Hebrew University; and Ruthie, a member of the Gadna youth movement, who was killed three years later while serving with the Israel Defence Forces.

Of the other people mentioned in these extracts, Leo Wissman, married to Dr. Lorch's sister Judith, was captured in the Old City and imprisoned in Jordan. Eva, his sister, was a teacher in the Old City.



Soldiers rush Israeli flag into Russian Compound, Jerusalem in 1948.

Ridiculous! On to Talbieh. The last British have left: people are waiting for our men to go in and out the barbed wire. German Colony; not an Arab to be seen. Where are they? News from Kfar Etzion: it's the end.

MAY 15—In spite of everything there's a Shabbat atmosphere. Netanel shows up for half an hour, in good spirits. He was at police headquarters in the Russian Compound with his platoon. He tells about disputes with "dissidents"

who wanted to pilfer, about large quantities of stores being taken over intact. They themselves are searched for loot on leaving the compound.

MAY 20—My job is finished: our Rehavia post has been shut down and I haven't had a "transfer." So it's household work for me. The Wissmans (four of them) have moved in with us... Judith had spent the whole day on the ground floor because of the shooting. Two weeks ago they had four hits on

the roof of the carpentry in Tel Azza.

Last night was the heaviest shooting so far; the worst thing about it is the reverberation of the echo. Up to now, Rehavia has had only a few high explosives; we heard several dozen, but found only one next to the garden entrance.

At the Agency offices I hear that Mt. Zion has been ours since last night, so there is contact with the Old City.

I visit the house I'm in charge of in Ibn Gvrol Street, which is being used for evacuees. They have nothing but beds and mattresses. I arrange for chairs, water in a container. For the last few days, they've been distributing 10 litres per person per day, against coupons. Actually it's rather less, but very well organized.

MAY 21—Noises of fighting all night. Netanel turns up, with Sten and grenades, tired but in good spirits. They were posted opposite David's Tower. He didn't get any sleep for four nights. Contrary to all sorts of rumours about important successes, and others less reassuring, we never captured David's Tower.

Where is Yaacov? In the Negev, where the Egyptians are attacking (but so far only two settlements)?

We heard planes this morning, reportedly Messerschmitts. Since yesterday evening, for the first time in days: electricity. We had a brandy on that.

A Shabbat atmosphere in spite of everything. Netanel came for a few hours. He's reluctant to give an opinion; the practical purpose of the struggle over Jerusalem is unclear. He contrasts to the Arabs, accepted a trusteeship for the city, why should we fight for additional territory here only to hand it over later to the UN? Maybe it's a matter of prestige? Most people think we should have used the contact established the day before yesterday (broken off later) to evacuate the Old City.

We haven't heard anything from Leo since he left on Tuesday morning. So I set out in Shabbat dress and mood. All I knew was that at that time he was in the Haga building in Mahanayim. I found out where the local command post is located (Mandelblit). From the Menorah Club on, streets almost empty; beyond Jaffa Road only youngsters on duty, an occasional miserable civilian...

At Mandelblit's they don't know Leo's name—I should go to Haga, the best way being to Kerur, past Mendel Cohn's plant.... At Mendel Cohn's, everyone is sitting in the cellar. Today a shell, going through one room and a wooden partition, lodged in the outer wall. But he's in good spirits, he knows that Leo is all right. Arriving home, I tell them about the "front" as if it were another world: today it is especially quiet here, really Shabbat.

A rumour: we've lost Ramat Rachel. We unhinge all the windows, but what for? We're already living like the *fellahin*; the main thing is not to become nomads. Since Katamon, we know that if we should have to leave, we would lose everything. A total war!

Yesterday only half rations of bread; the bakeries have no electricity.

MAY 23—Abdullah predicts a 10-day war; the Syrian or Lebanese war minister, two weeks. A week has gone without any big successes for them; above all, "Israel" is completely in Jewish hands.

Last night relatively quiet. Ramat Rachel is "again" ours. Mood improved. American consul-general killed by Arab snipers. Three Egyptian formations attacked a British airfield near Haifa by mistake; their "friends" shot down four of them. Good for them!

Ruthie went to Katamon at 6.30 a.m. for fortification work; she's just returned with flowers and wild artichokes, horrified at the extent of the looting there... We tried again to get a letter to Yaacov via the Agency. Apparently there's ordinary mail only inside Jerusalem.

MAY 24—We hear about how many casualties there are in the hospitals. Since we have no cemeteries at the moment, where are the dead being buried? It's reported that the Rabbinate has, in special cases, permitted burial in private gardens.

Is there going to be a cease-fire? Personally, I believe in the effect of a Russian threat of intervention and eventually a Russian-British war under Jewish and Transjordanian banners. At 20.05, five minutes after the proposed time-limit, shooting from the direction of Ramat Rachel; no cease-fire.

MAY 25—Netanel called Dr.G. to tell us that we can now phone him—which we did, to congratulate him on his birthday. He is now 23, and this is his second war.

Jonas turns up full of excitement. It seems that we have captured some artillery pieces, and people with artillery experience are needed. At the Jewish Agency, it turns out that this is pure fiction. What they want is artillery observers, to observe Arab artillery.

From the Agency, went on observation duty with A on the roof of the Halbreich building. Obviously an interesting job, especially for me, who knows the topography better than most.

Cairo Radio said that Abdullah will enter Jerusalem today. Towards evening frequent gunfire from the heights behind Ramat Rachel; then we see about 10 men with machine-guns sneaking up from Mar Elias. Then it becomes dark... one can see the enemy near Mar Elias as well as French Hill with the naked eye. Today there are 12 tanks on Radar Hill. We've really got our backs to the wall.

At home there were dozens of visitors. I admire Hannah's energy.

Reflected on the difference between this and "our" war, 1914-18. Then we preceded infantry attacks with devastating artillery barrage and air bombardment. Our boys have to do it with Sten guns and a few mortars, while the enemy has artillery.

MAY 26—This morning I went to Katamon to visit a few houses I'm in charge of. General impression: a ghost town. Gardens overgrown, most doors ajar, but from the outside the majority of the houses show little damage, except in the battle zone, where about 15 houses

were reduced to rubble, and next to them a children's swing and gardens in bloom. High-school pupils, on their way to dig trenches, cutting faded roses for their mothers.

At 20.00 the historic hour [for the beginning of the cease-fire] Netanel came home with some bread. I was on observation duty; but we already knew that the Arabs wouldn't stop — a blaze in the Old City, attacks on Kiryat Anavim, fighting at Bab el-Wad [Sha'ar Hagai] and Latrun, and a *hamas* and shells in the centre of the city. No *Palestine Post* for the first time.

MAY 27— Nothing from Leo for 10 days, but I hear that there was a note the day before yesterday reporting that he and his group are all right. Who knows where? Probably the Old City, because where else is there one can't write to?

MAY 28— Yesterday Abdullah prayed in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, accompanied by the good wishes of the monks, while at the same time the Hurva synagogue was set on fire. Can't people see that Hitler started with the synagogues and the Church and brought about the end of "Western culture?"

Friday afternoon: the Old City has surrendered. They say that civilians and teachers will still be coming out today; we want to be home when Eva arrives.

She came with the daughter of the Rav of the Wall— both parents dead, brother taken prisoner. Eva was with Leo every day. He had come in with 80 others during the only night it was possible, to do a 24-hour stint of clearing work. He was about the only one with any experience in arms, so the disappointment was mutual: it was soldiers they needed, not more mouths to feed. There's an 80 per cent chance that he'll come out with the civilians, though I can't believe this: why should they allow men of military age to leave?

MAY 30— There's a total change in Katamon. The streets are crowded with "new immigrants" — refugees from the Jewish Quarter — and visitors. Looting has changed from an adventure into crime pure and simple. During Shabbat and that night, more than a thousand people had to be cared for; the bad condition of invalids, a lot of it caused by the war — is only now coming to light.

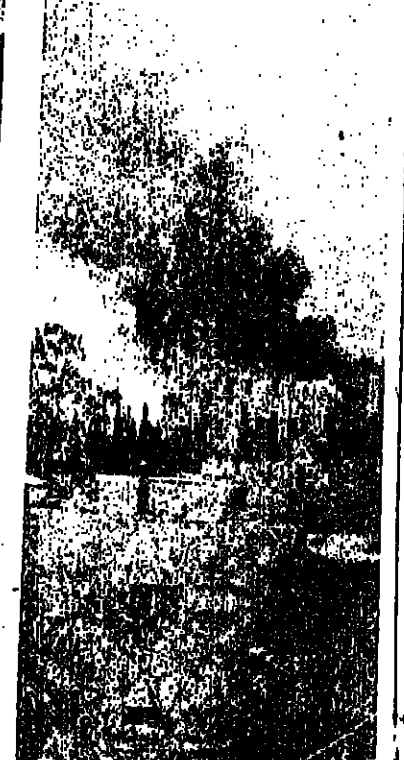
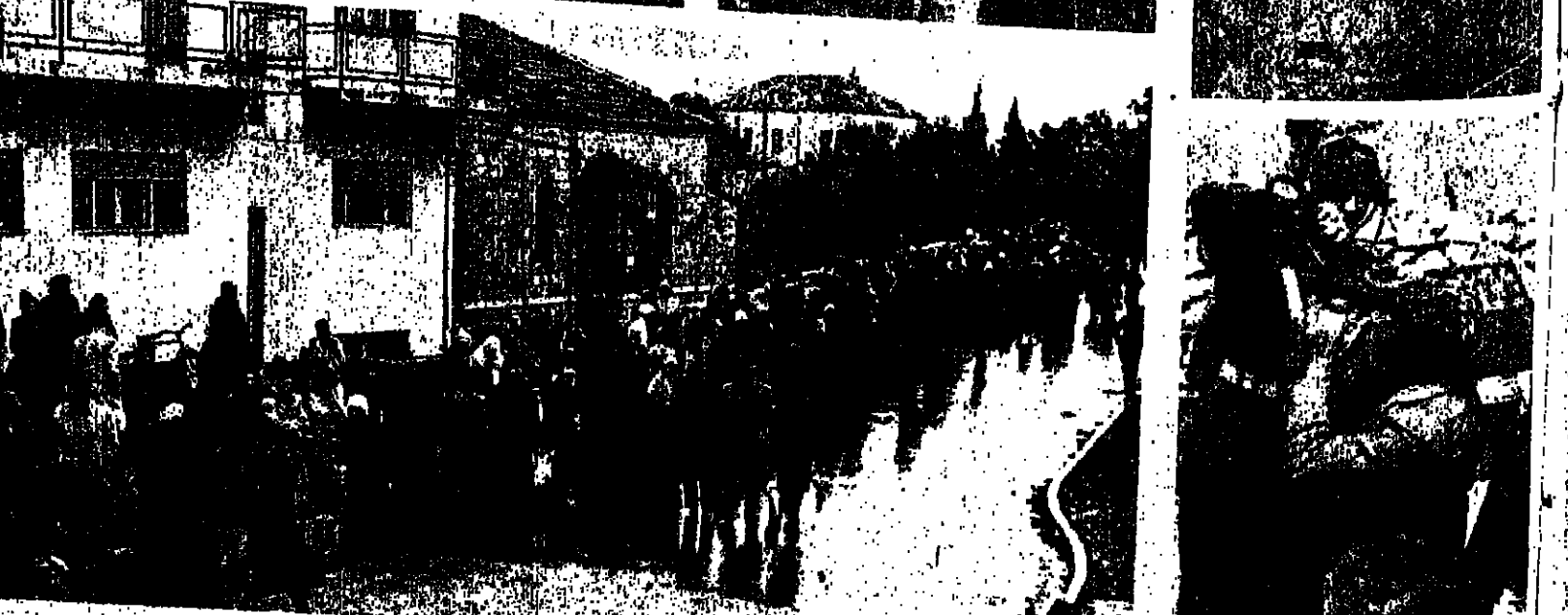
MAY 31 — No more hope that Leo will get through. Judith takes it with fortitude.

JUNE 1 — Ruthie works at trench digging, etc. every day, returns tired and hungry and full of problems. What is stealing? One book is permissible, but what about the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* which a colleague has reportedly "liberated?"

JUNE 3— The cease-fire was reportedly to come into force at 3.00 a.m., but there was still shooting after that, on Kerem Avraham this morning, and a whole family killed in Mea Shearim. Hagana has declared that unless it stops at 11.00 a.m., we shall start again. Now we hear that the Arab version was correct: acceptance was for 3 a.m., but the time it comes into force is still open, and will be fixed by Ben-Gadotte.

JUNE 6 — Two days of a *hamo'ed* atmosphere between

(Continued on page 51)



(Anti-clockwise from top) The Montefiore windmill sustains a direct hit. Large convoy of supplies breaks camp in time for Pesach, 1948. Men from the company. Quarter of Old City for hidden arms.

هكذا من الأصل

1920 KIRYAT ANAVIM	1921 NAHALAL	1922 BEIT ALFA	1923 RAMAT HASHARON	1924 HERZLIYA
1925 AFULA	1926 RAMAT RACHEL	1927 EIN SHEMER	1928 GIVAT BRENNER	1929 PARDESS HANNA
1930 HULDA	1931 EIN HAHORESH	1932 -AVIHAIL	1933 BEIT YANNAI	1934 NAHARIYA
1935 BEIT HASHITA	1936 HAZOREA	1937 TIRAT TZVI	1938 HANITA	1939 NEGBA
1940 SDE NEHEMIA	1941 RAMAT HASHOFET	1942 HAMADIYA	1943 YAD MORDECHAI	1944 SHAMIR
1945 MISGAV AM	1946 MISHMAR HANEGEV	1947 SAAD	1948 TAL SHAHAR	1949 GADOT
1950 KIRYAT SHMONA	1951 YOTVATA	1952 MIGDAL HAEMEK	1953 EIN GEDI	1954 MIZPE RAMON
1955 DIMONA	1956 KEREM SHALOM	1957 MAALOT	1958 ADAMIT	1959 KFAR MAIMON
1960 AVIVIM	1961 ARAD	1962 ADERET	1963 GROFIT	1964 KARMIEL
1965 ALUMA	1966 NETUA	1967 KFAR ETZION	1968 RAMAT MAGSHIMIM	1969 SHEVUTA
1970 NEOT HAKIKAR	1971 FARAN	1972 GITIT	1973 HARUV	1974 MASSUA
1975 SAMAR	1976 YAHEL	1977 RIMONIM	1978 LOTEM	1979 ASHELIM

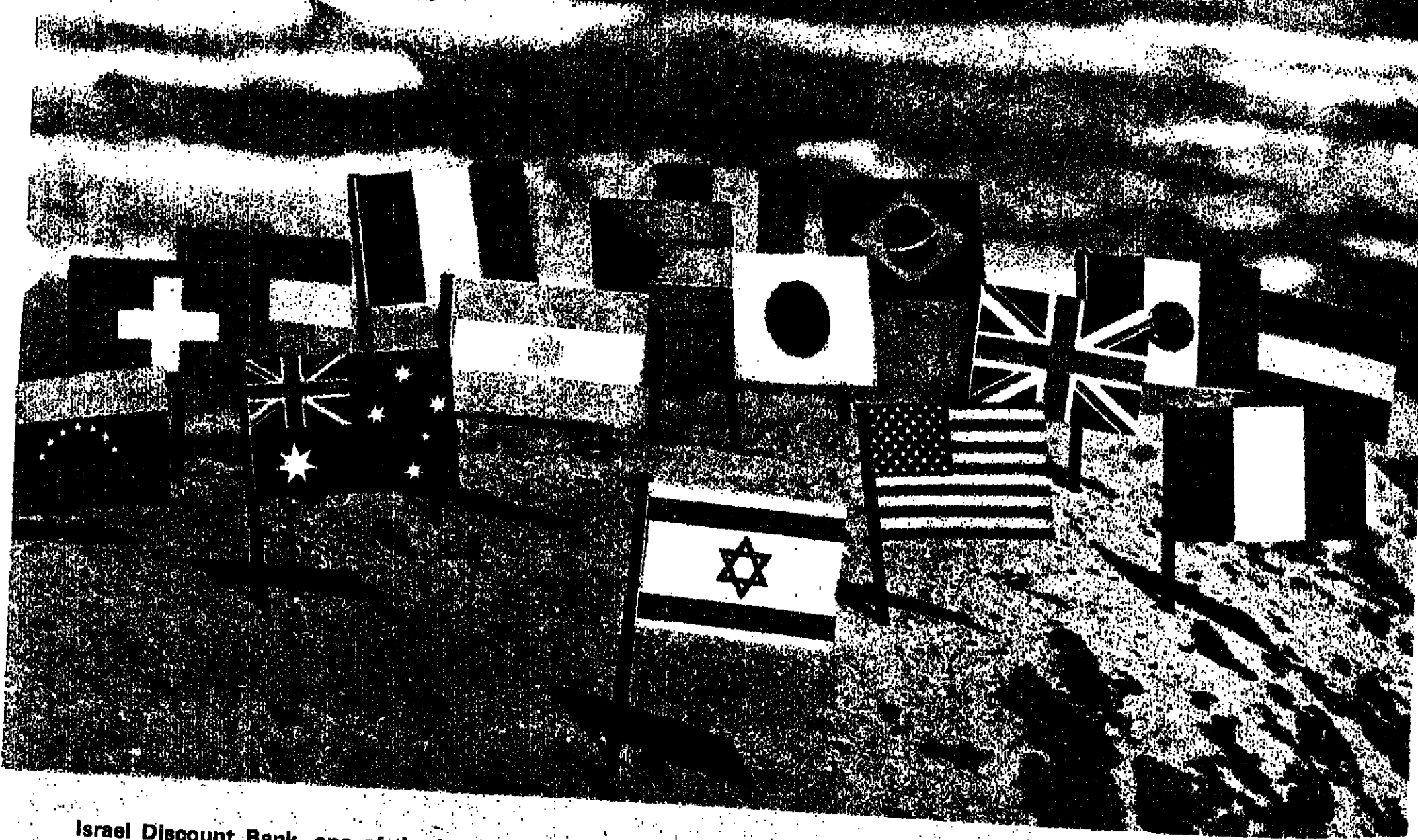
CONTINUITY THROUGH THE GENERATIONS.

To the torches kindled on Mt. Herzl on Israel's 31st Independence Day, symbolising the continuity of Jewish settlement in Eretz Israel, the World Family of the United Israel Appeal — Keren Hayesod adds the torch of world-wide Jewish identification, over the past 60 years, with Zionism and the State of Israel.



UNITED ISRAEL APPEAL — KEREN HAYESOD

A banking organization covering 5 continents



Israel Discount Bank, one of the largest commercial banks in Israel, with a permanent place in the country's economy, maintains a network of 230 branches in Israel. Its ramifications abroad include five overseas branches — in New York (2), Nassau (Bahamas), the Grand Cayman Island (B.W.I.) and Luxembourg, an agency in Miami, representative offices — in London, Toronto and Buenos Aires — a network of over 1000 correspondents all over the world and its associated bank, Discount Bank (Overseas) Ltd., Geneva, with branches in Zurich, Lugano, London, Amsterdam and Luxemburg.

Barclays Discount Bank Ltd. is owned by Israel Discount Bank

and Barclays Bank International, London, and operates 63 branches throughout Israel. Barclays Discount Bank places at the disposal of its customers its long local experience backed by its worldwide banking facilities provided by the network of over 5000 branches of the Barclays Group throughout the world.

You are cordially invited to make use of the wide range of local and international banking services which both banks offer you. Your banking requirements will be attended to promptly in an atmosphere of friendliness. Both at the Discount Bank and at Barclays Discount Bank the accent is on service.

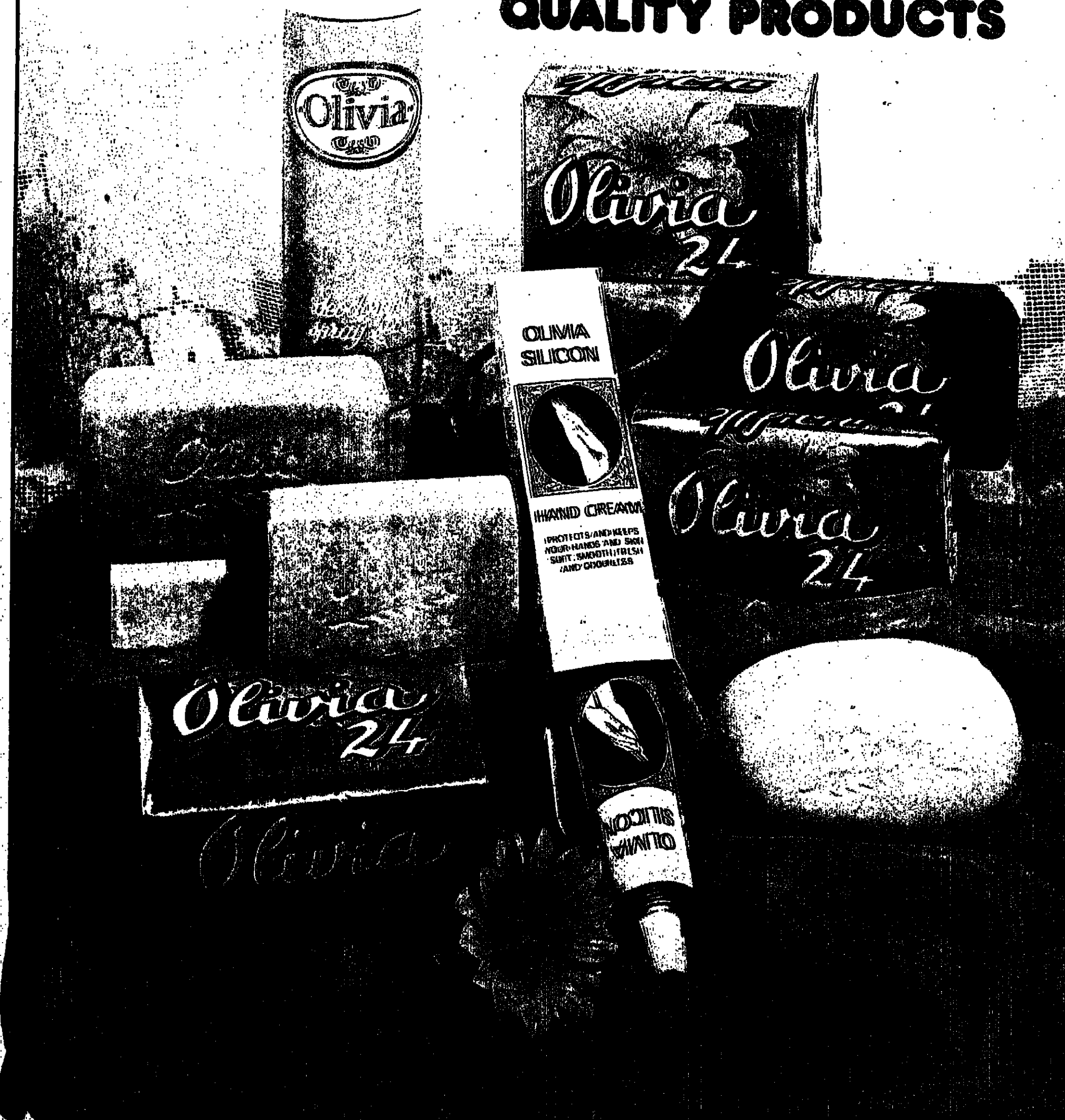
ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK

Barclays Discount Bank Ltd.

مَكْرَمًا مِنَ الْأَصْلِ

Olivia

ETZ HAZAITH'S QUALITY PRODUCTS



PELLED ADV.



Marionettes across the land

Steven Rosenberg

WANDERING troubadours entertaining villagers along their path have a tradition that stretches back to ancient times.

Puppeteers Michael Schuster and Gayle Goodman are continuing that tradition here in Israel. They plan to walk from Safad to their home in Jerusalem, arriving in the Capital for Shavuot, one of the three Biblical pilgrimage festivals.

Advancing 10-15 kilometres per day, they will give puppet shows at moshavim, kibbutzim, villages and cities along the way. Other entertainers are expected to join them in performances throughout the journey.

Schuster, 26, and Goodman, 25, and flute-playing Don Boekelheide, 30, are hiring a donkey to carry the puppets and other equipment of their "Mish-Mosh Troupe." They will leave Safad this week, making their way to Afula and then walking down the old Coast Road before coming up to Jerusalem from the Rehovot area.

They will present their show at the Israel Museum on June 1, Shavuot.

Schuster and Goodman will be using Indian marionettes. There is no script with words. Instead, the hand-made puppets do a series of dances and rhythmic movements.

Among the "actors" are a snake charmer, a court dancer, village people, a camel caravan, Indians, and even a "professor."

They perform in a four-square metre tent, made of saris and embroidered cloths sewn together.

The puppets and the tent are modelled after those of Rajasthan, India, puppeteers. Schuster and Goodman studied there for several months before returning to last year's Jerusalem Spring Festival.

"In Rajasthan," Goodman points out, "puppeteers wander about the countryside with no fixed home, much like Bedouins here, entering villages and cities and perform to the crowds they attract."

SCHUSTER EXPLAINS his reason for the trip. "In both Eastern and Western cultures, there have always been travelling minstrel performing from village to village. In our time, it seems to me that people have lost touch with each other, with live entertainment, and with their own folk cultures. In Israel, it seems natural to keep traditional forms of entertainment alive — and that is what I am trying to do."

Besides learning puppetry in India, Schuster has also studied the art at the University of California at Los Angeles and in Indonesia. He recently attended an international puppet festival in England.

"In Indonesia," he notes, "the shadow-puppet tradition is a total experience. It is a commentary on society, religion, philosophy and various aspects of everyday life. Shows start at sunset and continue until sunrise. In India, today,

it is a form of entertainment that is enjoyed by both adults and children. And even as recently as 50 years ago, 'punchmen' could be seen walking throughout the English countryside presenting their puppet shows," he adds.

Schuster, born in the U.S. Midwest, is trying to weave his variegated fabric of Israel life — a real "mish-mosh" of ideas, lifestyles, and cultures.

"I find myself trying to bring my Jewish culture, my American background and my Asian experience together," he says.

For instance, he has taken the forms and figures of Indonesian shadow puppetry and grafted Biblical themes on them. One shadow puppet show he has presented is based on the Book of Jonah.

Schuster became a puppeteer by chance. Finishing a year of study in Jerusalem in 1973, he decided to return to California via the Far East.

"One day, as I was walking up the steps of a hill to a temple in Burma, I saw a beautiful old marionette hanging in one of the market stalls." He traded an old alarm clock for the puppet.

"From then on, I was determined to be a puppeteer."

Although there is no doubt of Schuster's and Goodman's dedication to puppetry, their reason for the long trip may be quite simple.

"I can't think of anything nicer," Goodman says, "than to walk through the Israel countryside in the springtime."



YOU DO NOT have to go far to find beautiful people in the dance world — not just the lovely ballerinas and handsome male dancers you may see on the stage. They are admittedly beautiful to look at and as often are as fine in what they are as in what they do. Yet the most beautiful people here are more often not those who are seen on the stage but those who have made something beautiful happen — in Israel, through the special circumstances here of pioneering and building a nation, more of them in proportion to the population. Here are two examples out of the many who have created something special to enrich Israeli life.

If you meet Yehudit Arnon and don't know who she is, you would hardly guess that she is the founder and director of one of the most unusual dance companies in Israel — perhaps in the world. The Kibbutz Dance Company is small — about 10 or 12 dancers — but it exists through the vision of this little woman, unassuming in appearance, quiet in voice and manner, yet a dynamo of determination and effort.

In the 30 years that she has been here, she has persuaded the settlements that there is dance besides folk dance worthy of their attention and worth fitting into their lifestyle. It has been no small task. The kibbutzim had to come around to the view that members who show interest and talent should be let off their work and go for dance lessons.

Yehudit Arnon came to Israel from Auschwitz, whose tattoo number she still bears. Before coming to Israel she had been evacuated to Hungary (though she was Czech) and then spent a year in Italy at the Hashomer Hatzair centre in Turino where she taught dance and where the man who became her husband taught mathematics. They came to Israel with 100 children under their care. At Ga'aton in Northern Galilee they became kibbutzniks — and they still are.

From the first, Yehudit had the wish and the zeal to introduce modern dance into kibbutz life. She danced and arranged dances even in the camps," she recalls. So it all began in a modest way with classes run by herself. Then dancers started coming from other settlements. Some wanted to qualify as teachers. A "school" was established — so interesting, that celebrities came to see it and even to work there. The kibbutzim began to realize how much this art form could add to kibbutz life.

Dancers came from various kibbutzim one day a week — later two days. Today they are allowed

The dance of life



Dora Sowden

She wanted a company — and, as she said, "You cannot make a company out of one kibbutz."

Choosing the best talent from the various dancers, she started about seven years ago with five dancers. Choreographers like Anna Sokolow, Flora Cushman and Gene Hill began were willing to create works for the company. linked with the kibbutzim.

Today the Kibbutz Dance Company performs all over the country. The first successful trip abroad has been made — to Paris for three weeks. Invitations have come from Holland and the U.S. Yehudit Arnon has created something that has a meaning in Israeli life — something directly

MOSHE EFRATI is a sabra, born in Jerusalem. He took his first dancing lessons at the Rubin Academy in Jerusalem at the age of 18 — but the swarthy, well-built young man was born to dance. He went to the Martha Graham studios in New York, and on his return joined the Batsheva Dance Company. He also began to choreograph.

Yet neither these talents nor his work with companies abroad would have made him notable among "beautiful people." He is one of them through his work in creating dance for the deaf. His Kol Demama company must be unique in the world. It now combines deaf and hearing dancers. Its methods are being copied in the U.S. (See photos this page.)

The Demama group of deaf dancers came into existence in 1965. The Haifa branch of the Association of Deaf-Mutes in Israel, through the encouragement of the director, Avraham Reich, organized a circle for young deaf-mutes needing some form of expression beyond mere callisthenics. Moshe Efrati was chosen as artistic director — and something magical happened.

Through slow, patient experimenting, he devised a "rhythmic circles method" — a vibrational system — whereby the deaf could learn to dance together. He began to choreograph special dances for his Demama group. Its public appearance was a fantastic success. Visits in France and the U.S. earned enthusiastic reviews and interest. (Now Yacov Sharir, who has worked with Moshe Efrati, is working with a deaf-mute group in the U.S.)

Yet Moshe Efrati didn't stop there. Having founded his own studio, he established his own professional group of hearing dancers — and then joined the two. Kol Demama is a combination of Efrati's hearing dancers and his deaf dancers.

This is how he has himself described the "integration": "The hearing dancers have music to help them. They have the 'colour' of sound and rhythm. The deaf dancers receive this through mechanical vibrations — something like an electrical stimulus — which is transferred through the wooden floor to the foot — thus acting upon the senses of the non-hearing."

When there is no music the cue comes to the deaf dancers partly through floor vibrations, and in part visually. The results are remarkable. A recent visitor from Holland said: "I was not aware there were deaf among them until I was told." □

هكذا من الأصل



Tennis for everyone



Mendel Kohansky

Convinced that there were small chances of my keeling over on the court during a lesson, Elisha took me on. Although in the first few weeks he would frequently stop the game to shout across the court: "How do you feel?" he no longer does this; but he points me out to passerby as a sort of an because only several weeks ago, in a burst of health awareness, I joined an exercise club where such certificates are mandatory.

ONE OF THE beauties of tennis, says Dr. Ian Froman, the executive director of the Israel Tennis Centre, is that the game knows no age limits: it can be played by children and by very old people, and it gives satisfaction to all of them. The Centre was founded mainly for children, though adults like myself are welcome there. The purpose of the Centre is to make tennis a popular game among the children of Israel with the possibility of developing champions or at least good professionals. Every April, registration opens for children who receive four lessons free of charge and, if so inclined, can continue at a nominal charge, with the needy among them altogether

exempt from paying.

Tennis, the older among us will recall, was once a gentleman's game, associated with country clubs, immaculate flannels, gin-and-tonics served by red jacketed waiters on terraces overlooking the courts. It is no longer so the world over; it is no longer so here since the Centre was inaugurated three years ago, when in two weeks 300 youngsters aged 4-14 registered for free lessons. It will even be less so when the Jaffa Tennis Centre opens a week from Sunday, then a Tennis Centre in Kiryat Shmona in September, and another one in the Katamon area of Jerusalem in the near future. Everywhere the land is donated by the municipalities, which also take care of the non-tennis aspects of the courts: the gardening, security etc. The funds for building and running the centres come from donations by friends the world over.

South African-born Dr. Froman, who captained Israel's national tennis team, took an indefinite sabbatical from his dental practice to devote his full time to the Tennis Centre. He insists that all the new centres conform to the high standards established by the parent Centre in Ramat Hasharon, though none of them will be as large. The Centre in Ramat Hasharon has 16 courts, 81 hitting walls for practicing, an educational building with lecture halls and a library, and a 4,800-seat stadium of international-tournament standard.

Tennis is a civilized game; it involves no physical contact between the opponents, does not allow for any violence, trickery or cheating by players, inspires no violent feelings among the spec-

tators. There is something about the symmetrical layout of the court with its clean white lines, the greenery surrounding the courts, the simple elegance of the conventional tennis costume that creates an urbane, cultivated atmosphere.

One afternoon I watched a large group of boys, aged 12-13, arrive there on a bus, shouting and pushing before they entered the Centre area, then suddenly change their behaviour as they quietly entered the dressing rooms, then emerge in their whites, quietly line up on the court, rackets in hand, to await the coach's instructions.

Most of those children had come from neighbourhoods where crowdedness and squalor dictate loud and pushy behaviour. Some of them — very few, I was told — find it difficult to leave such habits behind as they enter the Centre, and they are properly chastised by the coaches. I saw a little girl throw her racket on the court in frustration when she missed the ball. The coach, a pretty young woman, took her by the hand, and led her out of the court to sit out there the rest of the lesson.

Some of those children have already represented Israel tennis abroad. In 1978, four boys, aged 11-12½, went to the United States accompanied by Dr. Froman and Shlomo, the coach, and played in tournaments from coast to coast. One of the boys came first in an under-12 tournament, the other reached quarter-finals. No earthshaking accomplishments, but the Tennis Centre is only three years old, and producing champions is only a secondary purpose here. □

(Israel Sun)

single plan, double benefit!

KFULA

Life insurance you enjoy during your lifetime...

KFULA

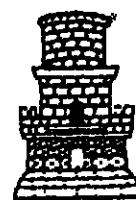
...and continue to be insured!

Israel's leading life insurance plan brings you two exclusive advantages:

- ☉ Insurance throughout your lifetime (not only until age 65).
- ☉ A bonus at age 65, plus continued insurance free of charge.

These are just two of the surprising advantages of "KFULA", Migdal Binyan's double-benefit life insurance plan. For more information, contact your Migdal Binyan agent today.

KFULA — Your own kind of life insurance.

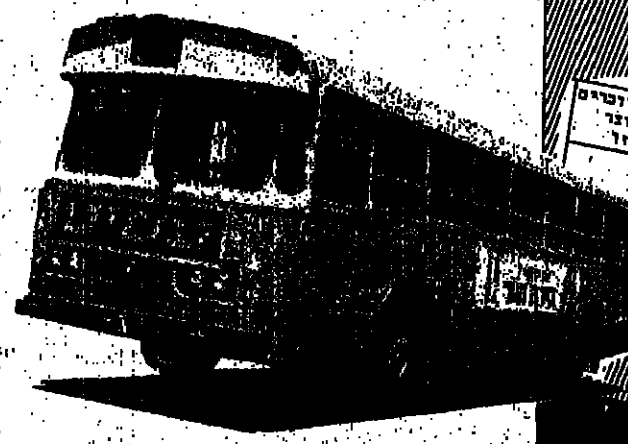


MIGDAL BINYAN ISRAEL'S LEADING INSURANCE COMPANY

هكذا بن الأصل

More People Remember Bus Advertising!
Highest recall of all media
High Market Penetration
Lowest Cost of Waste
Most Profitable Medium
Per 5000 Exposures

גלגלי זהב
GOLDEN WHEELS



סקר אמצעי תקשורת ודנישת מוצרים בנייקיימא

אגוד המפרטמים בישראל

באגוד לוי חמונה

אוקטובר 1975

43.3	מספר חשבונית המכירה הנבדקת
36.6	מספר זמן המכירה הנבדקת
31.6	מספר זמן המכירה הנבדקת
30.9	מספר זמן המכירה הנבדקת
21.3	מספר זמן המכירה הנבדקת

HADAR DAPHNA BUILDING 39, KING SAUL BLVD. TEL AVIV, P.O.B. 33023 TEL. 03-257111

הגזן מן האכל

HIKING TO METULLA

I SPEND the evening before I begin my hike on the town in Kiryat Shmona. I have always liked this underdog city of the far north, with its magnificent vistas over Hulch and Hermon, and its warm and unpretentious spirit. Kiryat Shmona night life is surprisingly lively with many of the bars, cafes, and humus joints lining the main drag, and central square open and jumping well into the night.

Over Turkish coffee, I chat with James Sellinger, an American oleh who recently settled here. At 24, with a B.A. from the University of Massachusetts and a stint in Sherut La'am behind him, Sellinger is Kiryat Shmona's first city planner. "This is a great opportunity for me," he says. "I would never have got this kind of chance at my age in a more settled place." He is working to bring order to the hitherto haphazard growth of the town, and to encourage greater ecological awareness. "We also want to bring more good restaurants and hotels here," he says. "Kiryat Shmona is the natural tourist centre of the Upper Galilee." Sellinger, who plays rugby on the local team, finds Kiryat Shmona "an enjoyable place to live. It is certainly an excellent town for young professionals looking for a challenge."

Relatively early the next morning, I head north out of Kiryat Shmona along the Metulla road. The early winter day is delightfully warm and unhumid, and the view across the valley to the snow-capped Hermon is crystal clear. A 40-minute walk brings me to my first destination — the rebuilt stockade at Tel Hal, where Trumpeldor made his famous last stand.

Touring the museum fort and viewing its collection of early haketz agricultural implements increases one's awareness of how amazingly far this country has come in so short a time. The battle of Tel Hal took place in 1920, but the stockade has the look of a miniature Fort Ticonderoga, and the swords and wagons displayed here might have belonged to early pioneers in America.

Yet only two generations after these modest beginnings, I look out over a thriving, swampland valley, where kibbutz farmers work the land with tractors and combines. The transformation is remarkable.

Further along, I come to the Tel Hal cemetery with its roaring lion honouring Trumpeldor and his seven fallen comrades. Engraved on a wall overlooking the graves is the slogan "In fire and blood Judea fell, and in fire and blood will she rise." It is a reminder that the beautiful landscape spread below was secured only through the sacrifice of thousands of lives, and that in spite of the signs of change and progress, we are still trapped in the same struggle that confronted the Hashomer contingents. From across the Lebanese border comes the sound of distant gunfire.

Several hours further up the road, I reach the turnout to the Nahal Lyon nature reserve. From afar I can see the Tannur (oven) waterfall, a white finger of water seemingly painted on the cliffside. Facing down into the wadi, I head up the footpath alongside the



Kiryat Shmona and the Hulch Valley.

river. High willows line the stream banks, and thick mosses cover the rocks. Although the season is early, popples in reds, whites, and purples have begun to appear amongst the cyclamens and squills. Falcons and eagles soar above the high canyon walls in lazy circles. Heading up a steep incline, I enter the "oven," and watch the majestic waterfall thundering down from astonishing heights. I wonder if the armies from Abel Bet Ma'acha (a Biblical tel just below the wadi) ever used this enclosed gorge to trap their enemies. Once driven into the cul de sac, they would have had no escape.

Leaving the Tannur, I follow the trail up a steep hillside, and emerge blinking out into the sunlit uplands. Directly across the canyon, only a few hundred metres away as the crow flies, but com-

Walter Ruby

pletely inaccessible to wingless creatures, is the border fence, cutting across a grassy hillside. Further on, the trail tumbles back into the wadi, leading through thick, semi-tropical vegetation to the Tahana (mill) falls. The Tahana is a very different looking waterfall from the Tannur, but equally beautiful, with three wide plumes of water cascading down from the border country above. Built into the cliff alongside the rushing water is the crumbling but still picturesque flour mill, used by Jews, Druses and Arabs alike in pre-1920 days. I clamber amongst the ruins for a while, and then take a siesta in the hot mid-day sun.

Further on, in the northernmost section of the reserve, the canyon becomes broader, and the river more placid. I feel that I could walk on forever northward in this sunbaked valley, never troubling myself to return to the harsher world above. But this is a fleeting illusion, for already up ahead is the last waterfall, more stately and refined than the cascades downstream, marking the Lebanese border and the end of the trail. It is time to ascend into the rarified atmosphere of Metulla.

The first thing I do in Metulla is to stop for a bit at the "Good Fence Falafel Stand," where a bright-eyed teenager from Marjayoun is jiving and joking with his Israeli customers while nimbly filling pitot. Down the road, on the terrace of one of the finer pensions, I drink a Maccabi

with six friendly Norwegians, who normally occupy a lonely hillock in Fatabland. Along the main street, young mothers sit together on benches, chatting and gently rocking baby carriages, as their farmer husbands chug off to the fields on their tractors.

Metulla is a paradoxical place, somehow managing to be both a serene old-fashioned moshav, where nothing ever seems to happen, and a cosmopolitan crossroads along one of the world's most explosive borders. There is an air of unreality about this sun-dappled little island of prosperity fronted on three sides by a world gone mad.

Heading out of Metulla, past crumbling pioneer houses and expensive new villas, I walk west along the road to the Good Fence. Just beyond the town's security perimeter, I turn off to the left, and climb a bulldozed trail to the conelike summit of Har Tzipla. The hill is laced with bunkers, and I am challenged by sentries who allow me to proceed only after deciding that I am a harmless eccentric and not a spy. It is a steep climb, but at 615 metres, Har Tzipla offers a magnificent panorama, ranging from the Kinneret basin in the far south to the snow-capped peaks of the Anti-Lebanon range. You can see the entire Hermon, including the upper Syrian slopes, as well as the Crusader castle (and ex-PLO stronghold) of Beaufort, hugging the steep cliffs above the Litani. This is a vista unlike any other in Israel — a magical glimpse into the unknown. I tear myself away reluctantly and push on towards the border.

At a petrol station just before the Fence, I stop to chat with the attendant, a 20-year-old resident of the Lebanese village of Klea named Hassan. The lad explains that he had just finished secondary school and had been accepted for admission to the American University of Beirut when the civil war hit. "Now," he says, "I am happy just to be alive and able to earn a little money." He has travelled widely in Israel and has a warm regard for the country. "Israel is the only country that cares if we survive. The Christian world is too busy coying up to the Palestinians."

The Good Fence is, as advertised, a first-class news event. Busloads of vociferous Americans snap pictures of Israeli soldiers. One soldier asks me to "say hello to all the Jews out there from a fighter for Israel." Others are busy hustling a group of comely Dutch tourist girls. "You like Israeli guys?" "You come visit me next week in Tel Aviv?" In front of the borderpost there are two concession stands, hawking Good Fence tee shirts, pens, and postcards. One is manned by a Lebanese family, and the other by Jewish Metullians. In spite of hyperbole lavished upon it, the Good Fence does seem like a modest yet hopeful symbol of peace and co-operation. In this festive international atmosphere of commerce and sexuality, the insanity of war seems incongruous and very far away.

Walter Ruby is now working on a book entitled "Hiking Through Israel" to be published in December by Simon and Schuster.

"NO NAME, captain, has this road. At Lloyds they know nothing about it. But if the maps haven't charted it, Perhaps history has recorded it."

So wrote poet Natan Alterman in his "Response to An Italian Sea Captain After a Night of Unloading," a poetic pledge to a certain Captain Enseledo who, on the night of December 25, 1945, landed the ship Hanna Szenes at Nahariya and helped to bring ashore 252 "illegal immigrants," as the world of the Holocaust called them. Long after Captain Enseledo had retired, Alterman promised him, he would remember that night. "And we'll tell you then that the gates are open. They've long been open, but God! And they were opened by this band of lads/That stood in the water that night."

This poem, which the British censor at first banned from publication and then released a few weeks later, and which became the unofficial ballad of the pre-State "illegal immigration," is reprinted at the end of *Hahaapala: 1934-1948* edited by Mordechai Na'or (Tel Aviv, Defence Ministry Publishing House, 148 pp., price not listed). The book tells the saga of the Aliya Bet from the time the Velos I, sailing from Athens, landed 348 "illegals" — pioneering *halutzim* from Polish *hachsharot* (Zionist farm-training camps) — off Tel Aviv one night in July, 1934. The Velos was the first of 140 ships to sail from Europe and North Africa in an effort to bring about 120,000 "illegals" to Eretz Yisrael before the State was declared and the gates were opened just under 14 years later.

Hahaapala also surveys the "illegal immigration" of the Ottoman period, and of the Mandatory period before the Aliya Bet was "officially" launched in 1934 by the Hagana in defiance not only of British restrictions but also, as Na'or points out, of official Zionist policy, which was to cooperate with the Mandatory authorities and — Na'or does not mention this — persuade them of the justice of the Jewish cause in Eretz Yisrael. This book, of course, only sketches the saga in its broad outlines — but it does so excellently. If you wish to read the story in greater detail, there is a selected bibliography of 30 books. Also, seek an opportunity to see "The Illegals," Meyer Levin's documentary film of an actual trek by an actual group of "illegals" in 1947.

SHOULD ALIYA be tightly organized and administered institutionally, thereby severely limiting the choices of the individual *olim* as to when and how they will come, how they will go about integrating themselves, etc.? Or should it be left essentially a *laissez faire* matter, with the candidates for aliya and those who come free even to organize themselves in any kind of groups and on any basis they wish, free to succeed or fail on the basis of their own initiatives — fundamentally the way American society has always handled immigration?

The discussion of this question did not begin at the last Zionist Congress or at the last meeting of the Association of Americans and Canadians in Israel. It was the subject of heated discussion already in the days of the so-called "First Aliya" nearly 100 years ago. That discussion is reviewed by Yaacov Kelliner in an article, "The Anti-Philanthropic Approach During the Days of the First Aliya," in issue number 10 (January, 1978) of *Cathedra*, עטק.



'Hegni' immigrant ship Patria lands at Tel Aviv, 1939. (Below) The Haganah ship Erodus 1947.

The Land: people and places

the excellent quarterly published by Yad Izhak Ben-Zvi, Jerusalem, edited by Yaacov Shavit.

Moshe Kohn

This issue also contains a fascinating article by Yuval Dror on "Russian Proselytes in Galilee at the Beginning of the 20th Century." These proselytes often needed and received the help and encouragement of the leaders of the *Yishuv* to overcome the harassment to which they were subjected by other *olim*. The ill will was not racially based, Dror writes about four such proselyte

families that settled in Hadera between 1895 and 1898:

"The proselytes were not welcomed, especially as some of their ways still seemed strange. They did not ask for houses but only for permits to build their own cottages and offered undertakings to vacate the plots assigned to them whenever they might be asked to do so. The people of Hadera,

accustomed to getting cash allocations for sundry purposes from Hovevei Zion headquarters in Odessa, looked askance at these peasants who asked for nothing but some basic building material and plots of ground to till. The Haderans feared that this would affect the cash help they were getting..."

As a follow-up to *Cathedra* number 9, which was devoted largely to 100-year-old Petah Tikva's history, 65 of the present issue's 198 pages have: Shmuel

Avitzur on "The Contribution of Early Petah Tikva to the Agricultural and Industrial Development of Eretz Yisrael"; Ze'ev Tzahor on "Farmers and Labourers of the Second Aliya in Petah Tikva"; Ya'acov Yehoshua on "Petah Tikva as Seen by Two Senior Ottoman Officials at the End of the Ottoman Period"; Tova Cohen on "From Ahavat Zion to Petah Tikva: Eretz Yisrael in the Writings of Yoel Moshe Salomon"; and the text of "A Draft of a Manifesto by Yoel Moshe Salomon to the Leadership of Hovevei Zion in Russia in 1881," presented and analyzed by Rami Yizre'el.

Another article of general interest is Pinhas Walter Pick's on Heinrich August Meissner, the German railways engineer better known as "Meissner Pasha: The Pioneer of Railways in Eretz Yisrael and Environs."

IT CANNOT be emphasized enough that when Theodor Herzl created the Zionist Organization, he did not create a new idea but the machinery and tools for implementing a very old one that was very much alive when he came on the scene. The idea of the Jewish return to and sovereign restoration in the homeland had always been alive, not only in the dreams and prayers of the Jewish masses in the Diaspora but also in the writings of their poets and thinkers and by the actions of a few men in every generation and, in some generations, of groups of them who tried to implement the idea in the face of even greater difficulties than those that faced Herzl and his generation.

Avraham B. Rivlin, himself a seventh-generation descendant of one such man, tells the stories of some of them in *Ishim Lema'an Tzion* אִשִּׁים לְמַעַן צִיּוֹן. *Personages for Zion*. (Tel Aviv, Aleph, 144 pp., price not listed). The book is a collection of 27 concise biographies of mainly pre-Zionist "Zionists" from the 12th-century poet-philosopher-Halichist, Rabbi Yehuda Halevi, through the 19th-century American proselyte, Warder (Yisrael Boaz) Cresson, to the Italian Jewish naval officer, Captain Angelo Levy-Bianchini, a non-Zionist who supported the Jewish cause in Eretz Yisrael during his two years here on a mission for the Italian government and Italian Jewry, which ended with his murder by a bandit.

This is the fourth collection of articles on Eretz Yisraelology that the author has published in various newspapers and periodicals. The first three were devoted to Jerusalem, in whose history of the past two centuries the Rivlin family has figured so prominently.

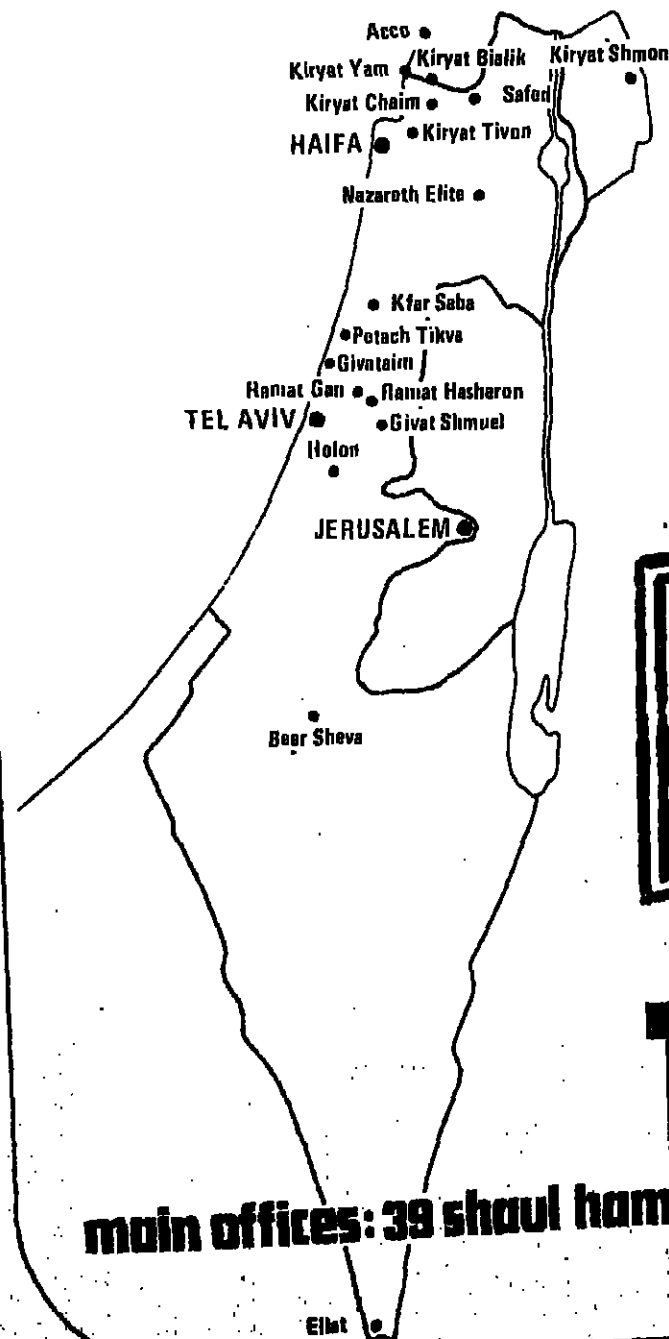
ISRAEL'S northernmost border point, in recent years world famous as the locale of the "Good Fence," was fixed in May, 1896, when 69 Jews, helped by the Baron Edmond de Rothschild, founded the farming settlement of Metulla. The story of Metulla's first 20 years, of its founders and the echoes of that event throughout the Jewish world is told in Yaacov Harosen's posthumously published *Metulla* מְטוּלָה (Jerusalem, Sitriat Hayishuv and Rubin Mass, 348 pp., price not stated).

"In the first week, we had virtually nothing to eat," one of the founders, Shmuel Freiman, wrote at the time to his father, Aharon Mordechai Freiman, in Rishon Letzion, of which the latter had been one of the founders a decade

(Continued on page 28)

ONLY THE BEST* GET THEIR NAME IN LIGHTS

day and night telruf offers you: total market penetration • 21 major cities and towns • local and national coverage



TEL RUF

main offices: 39 shaul homelech tel aviv, phone: 257111

תלרופ LTD

כִּזְאָן מִן הָאֵל

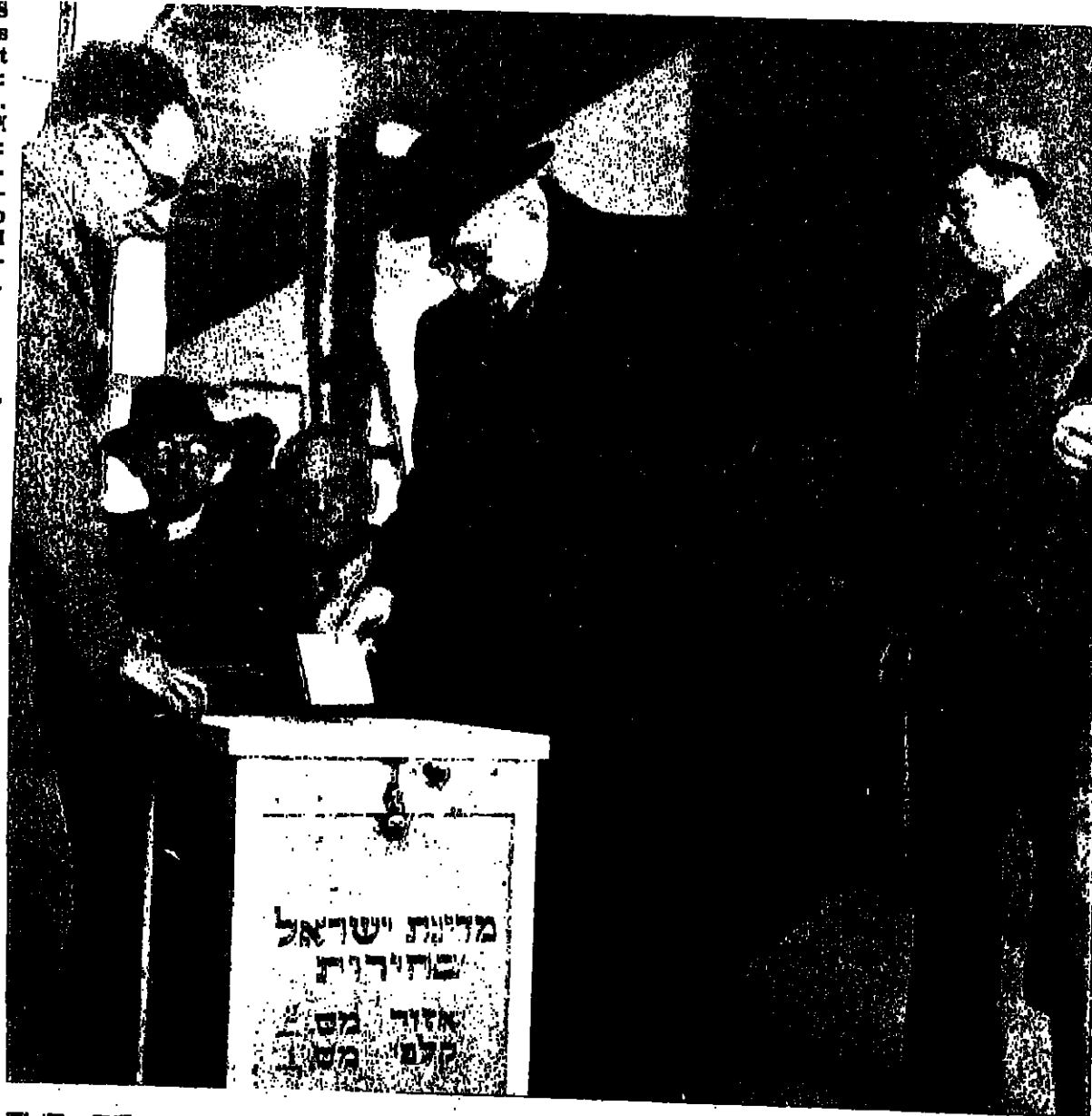


THE LETTERS AND PAPERS OF CHAIM WEIZMANN. Series A: Letters Volume XII August 1923-March 1926. Editor: Yehoshua Freundlich. 488 pp. \$24.95. Letters Volume XIII March 1926-July 1929. Editor: Pinhas Ofer. 561 pp. \$26.95. Letters Volume XIV July 1929-October 1930. Editor: Camillo Dresner. Jerusalem, Israel Universities Press, with Emmanation Books, Rutgers University. 406 pp. \$24.95.

Ian Black

IT WOULD have been a great loss to posterity if use of the telephone had been as widespread in the 1920s as it is today. Chaim Weizmann's voluminous correspondence is one of the most important sources available for the history of Zionism: irreplaceable for the student and fascinating for the layman. These three volumes live up fully to the excellent standards of editing and translating established by their predecessors in the series.

Uneasy lay the head that wore the crown of Zionism. "I don't know why God has placed such a heavy burden on my shoulders, why fate chose me...to direct the building in Palestine," Weizmann complained. His struggle was an uphill one, against inadequate financial resources, insufficient manpower, the apathy of those — as the dust-jacket blurb puts it (a little richly, I thought) — "of undoubted devotion to the Jewish cause but who could not share Weizmann's single-minded dedication to the ancestral homeland."



What worried Weizmann

one of their two sons and Chaim leading a nomadic existence. From Wiesbaden in August that year he wrote: "Recently, owing to circumstances beyond our control, it has been difficult. Both of us, especially I myself, buckled under, and it was this that introduced that factor into our lives about which you write so justly in your letter." (Vera's letters, mercifully, have been lost.)

Later, in October, we find Chaim in London and Vera in Paris: "Now for Heaven's sake, dear, don't get despondent. We have to support each other, otherwise we shall break down. With God's help there will be better days. The living must go on and not complain about providence." However, amid these personal troubles and an



Israel Zangwill, 'odious, wicked.'

duous and time-consuming legal wrangle over Weizmann's wartime acetone patent there were still some satisfactions: in April 1935 an old and cherished dream was realized when the Hebrew University was opened on Mount Scopus in the presence of Lord Balfour.

With the National Home more or less firmly enshrined as a permanent feature of British policy (although there were some Zionist misgivings about the replacement of Sir Herbert Samuel by the gruff Lord Plumer), the middle 1920s were years of feverish internal work, with Weizmann doing his utmost to save the whole business from bankruptcy. In 1927, the absolute nadir of the movement's fortunes, Jewish emigration from

Eretz Yisrael exceeded 4,071 left the country as against only 2,715 arrivals.

The formation, in 1929, of the enlarged Jewish Agency was the end of six years of laborious negotiations with the wealthy American non-Zionists, led by Louis Marshall. The timing was fortuitous: the uneasy coalition of dedication and hard cash was to ensure, as Weizmann wrote, that "the work which has been facilitated at enormous sacrifice should be continued with greater strength and in a grander style."

OF THE SEVEN years covered by these volumes, nearly six were peaceful. But in August, 1929 the deceptive tranquillity was shattered when Arab rioters in Jerusalem and Hebron killed more than 130 Jews, themselves losing 116 dead. The human losses were terrible, but the political threat — that the British might be cajoled by circumstances into radically rethinking their Palestine policy — seemed even more serious.

The disturbances did not increase Weizmann's already low esteem for the Arabs — "excellent carpet salesmen... bazaar politicians," he called them. He became concerned — and this was to be a recurrent theme in the following years — by criticism, from both non-Zionist and Zionist groups, of the Jewish Agency's attitude on the Arab question.

He came to resent the Cassandra and the doomwatchers, the "extreme pacifists" like Hebrew University Rector Judah Magnes and Brit Shalom supporters like Hans Kohn and Robert Weltsch. He was "very deeply worried" by what he saw as pondering to the enemies of Zionism by advocating immediate peace negotiations with the Arabs: "Just another little pogrom and then we'll decamp — that's how the Arabs interpret our advances," he wrote sourly.

Weizmann himself decamped from the leadership in October, 1930, in protest against the British government's Hope Simpson Report and Passfield White Paper, both of them criticizing the problems of the Arab population and betraying, as a later British commission of enquiry noted, "a marked insensitiveness to Jewish feelings."

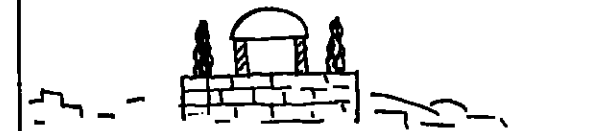
Although Weizmann's resignation did not bring about the withdrawal of the White Paper, it later secured its reinterpretation in a light more favourable to Zionism, and staved off, for a few more years, the threat it contained to the very existence of the Jewish National Home. □

Dry Bones

THEY HAD SURVIVED THE WORST THAT THE SAVAGES OF EUROPE COULD OFFER... THE KNIVES, SWORDS, AND TORCHES OF THE RUSSIANS, POLES, GERMANS, SPANIARDS, RUMANIANS, HUNGARIANS...

AND THEY CRAWLED OUT OF THE BURNED-OUT WRECKAGE OF THEIR ANATEVKA'S TO CONTINUE THEIR VOYAGE THROUGH HISTORY...

HOUNDED AND HUNTED, THEY LIVED ON THEIR LOVE AND LONGING FOR THEIR LAND... THEIR CITY.



IN THE SNOWS OF MOTHER RUSSIA THEY SAT IN 'SUKKA'S'...

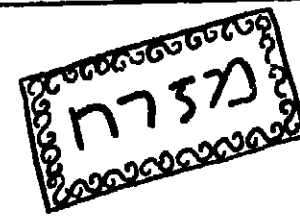


FOR IT WAS HARVEST TIME IN THEIR PRECIOUS HOMETLAND.

THEY BAKED THEIR MATZOT IN ONE LAND OF EXILE AFTER ANOTHER...



AND ON THE WALLS OF THEIR HOUSES THEY HUNG AN EMBROIDERY OR PAPER CUT-OUT SO THAT THEY COULD ALWAYS KNOW IN WHICH DIRECTION THEIR BELOVED JERUSALEM LAY...



AND THEY KNEW THAT THEY WOULD RETURN...



ONE DAY...



AND THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT OF EUROPE'S DARKNESS THEY READ OF THEIR HISTORY YET TO BE LIVED AND SUFFERED THROUGH...



...OF THE COMING NEAR DESTRUCTION OF THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL AND OF THE RISING UP FROM THAT CARBAGE AND THE RETURN TO ZION... OF THE PLANTING OF TREES AND THE BUILDING UP OF HER CITIES.

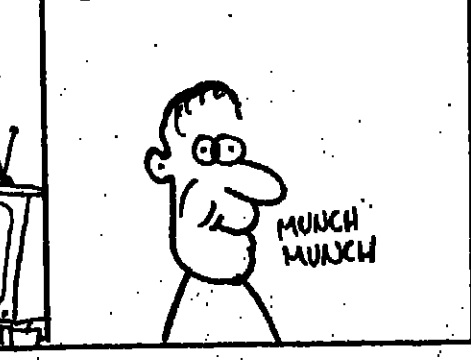
AND AT LAST THERE ROSE A GENERATION OF JEWS WHICH SAW THE PILES OF DRY BONES... AND THE RISING UP... AND THE RETURN... AND THE PLANTING OF THE TREES... AND THE BUILDING UP OF THE CITIES.



AND THEY SAT BEHIND THE LOCKED DOORS OF THEIR HOMES IN THE CITIES OF AMERICA AND MUNCHED THEIR BAGELS AND WATCHED THEIR COLOR T.V.'S AND THEY SAID:



AND THEIR BIRTH RATE FELL BELOW THEIR DEATH RATE SO THAT EACH DAY THEIR NUMBERS DIMINISHED... AND THE INTERMARRIAGE RATE OF THEIR CHILDREN ROSE TO FIFTY PERCENT



AND THEY BROUGHT THEIR "RUSSIAN" BROTHERS TO LIVE, WORK, DIE, AND DISAPPEAR WITH THEM IN THE CITIES OF STRANGERS.



AND THEY THOUGHT THAT THAT WAS AN ACT OF CHARITY.

هكذا من الأصل

The Land: people and places

(Continued from page 24)

earlier. "For fully a week we ate only dry bread, and at night we could not shut our eyes because of the swarms of fleas."

Reb Aharon Mordochai had instructed Shmuel to go north and not worry about his young vineyard in Rishon. "I had the privilege of being one of the pioneers of Rishon LeZion," the father had told the son. "Now it is your duty to go to Galilee and be one of the pioneer redeemers of the territory of Dan and Naftali. It is *haktivat* that will redeem Eretz Yisrael. Join the others; the vineyard will be looked after."

This book is an expanded version of the section on Metulla in the author's "Hazon Hahitnahalut Bagali" (Jerusalem, Mossad Harav Kook, 1971), where he tells also of the establishment of Rosh Pina, Yosud Hamaale, Mishmar Hayarden, Eln Zetim and Mahanayim; of the Kurdish Jews who arrived overland to settle in Galilee; of the Russian proselytes among the early *haktivat* there, and of the history of Jewish settlement in Galilee over the ages.

Harozen himself was born in Metulla in 1899, son of Eliezer and Haya Reanick, one of the village's founding couples. Incidentally, like the overwhelming majority of the founders of the above-mentioned settlements and the many other settlements of that period, those of Metulla were Orthodox Jews impelled by the vision of Jewish restoration on the ancestral Jewish soil. This point is usually overlooked in the official and even unofficial histories, which have tended to try and sell the notion that any good that Jews have done in this country was generated by the Zionist Movement, and that Zionism's value lay solely in its having been a secularist revolt against historical Judaism and Jewish history.

"HANITA is a concept that has served our people as dream stuff and educational substance, as a song to be sung, as a point on the map that raised our sights," President Yitzhak Navon said a few months ago at that northern kibbutz's celebration of the 40th anniversary of its establishment as one of the several dozen "tower-and-stockade" settlements in the late 1930s — those "illegal" settlements without which Israel's borders would have been quite different at the end of the War of Liberation.

The story of Hanita and its place in the country's settlement history is told in Hanita (published by the Sullam Tzor and Gaaton Regional Councils, 150 pp., price not stated) by Yitzhak Hinerberg, edited by Moshe Yedaya. This booklet is apparently an expanded version of a university seminar paper or thesis, yet the story is told grippingly. Richly documented, it is enhanced by maps, diagrams, charts and period photographs, including the famous one, taken on the day of Hanita's founding, of Palmah commander Yitzhak Sadeh with his right hand on Moshe Dayan's shoulder and his left on Yigal Alon's.

DID YOU KNOW that Arthur Koestler has proved that most of today's Jews are not Semites but the descendants of the Turkish-Finnish Khazars and that the Ashkenazim and, therefore, the overwhelming majority of the Zionist leaders are mainly the spawn of those Khazar converts and that, therefore, "anti-mean."

Semitism" is a misnomer where most Jews are concerned and the Zionist claim to Palestine as the ancestral homeland of today's Jews is essentially based on a lie?

Did you know that Major Saad Haddad in Lebanon's Quisling and that what Syria has in that country is a peacekeeping force? Did you know that the Zionists have imposed their will on the American people by means of "the Jewish connection," which "covers all areas and reaches every level" of American life, and that the Zionists get 99 per cent of the time devoted to discussion of the Israel issue in the U.S.? Did you know that Khaled el-Azem, Syrian prime minister in 1948; Jamal Hussein, acting chairman, and Emil Ghory, secretary, of the Palestine Arab Higher Committee at the time; Habib Issa, secretary-general of the Arab League in 1951, and other Arab spokesmen lied when they said that the Arabs themselves were responsible for the creation of the Palestinian Arab refugee problem and for its perpetuation since?

These and many other startling revelations, richly documented, are made in Alfred M. Lillenthal's *The Zionist Connection: What Price Peace?* (N.Y., Dodd, Mead, 872 pp., \$19.95). Are you depressed by what you read in the daily papers about Israel's situation and about the situation of the Jews in many parts of the world, and by the conventional, mostly Zionist-inspired histories of the Jewish people? Then read Lillenthal's book and be assured that the Jewish Connection really has everything under control. His book should be on every Jewish bookshelf alongside that other morale-boosting classic, "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion."

DID YOU KNOW that the Arab oil-rich countries give "considerably" more international aid than the Western countries? Peter Mansfield, journalist and former British foreign-service man in Beirut, tells us this in *The Arabs* (Harmondsworth and New York, Penguin-Pelican, 572 pp., £1.50/\$4.95), without specifying, however, what kind of aid, to which countries and for which purposes.

Also typical of his presentation of the story is his statement that "as long as Israel remains a Zionist state (in which, for example, a Law of Return gives citizenship only to Jewish immigrants) the Arabs will remain second-class citizens in certain respects." It is true that the Law of Return gives Israel citizenship automatically to Jews coming home to live. However, non-Jews, too, can obtain citizenship by naturalisation. And Arabs and Druse who have lived here since a certain statutory date shortly after the establishment of the State or who have been born here, are full citizens.

Another indication of where Mansfield's prejudices lie is his discussion of the "appalling injustice...done to the Arab people of Palestine" in general and of the refugee question in particular. He bases himself on a twisted version of the history of Eretz Yisrael and its people and he conveniently ignores on-the-record statements by Arab leaders about the primary Arab role in the creation and perpetuation of the refugee problem. The Penguin-Pelican Zionist leaders are mainly the spawn of those Khazar converts and that, therefore, "anti-mean."



Petah Tikva in its infancy.



The Haifa railway station in 1908.

(Below) Metulla today. (Werner Braun)



Jews & Arabs



"I BELIEVE," Arthur Ruppin wrote on May 30, 1928, to Hans Kohn, "that there exist several very serious conflicts of interest between the Jews and the Arabs. At this moment I cannot see how these conflicts can be resolved so that the Jews will have the possibilities of unrestricted aliyah and unrestricted economic and cultural development (in Eretz Yisrael), which are absolutely essential to Zionism, and will none-the-less not encroach upon the interests of the Arabs."

Two years earlier, Ruppin and Kohn had been among the founders of the Brith Shalom movement for Arab-Jewish understanding. One year after writing this letter, Ruppin left Brith Shalom because of differences with most of his colleagues concerning the possibilities of reaching that understanding by the particular means the movement was pursuing. As he wrote in 1931 to Victor Jacobson: "At most, the Arabs would agree to grant national rights to the Jews in an Arab state, on the pattern of the national rights in Eastern Europe." And as he wrote in 1936 to Robert Weisbach: "It is my opinion that no sort of negotiations with the Arabs can get us anywhere at the moment, because the Arabs are still hoping to deal with us above our heads."

The extracts from Ruppin's letters to Kohn and to Jacobson are included in the documentary material reprinted in *Mifnegot Uzeramin Polittim Bitekufat Habayit Hale'umi* (Political Parties and Organizations During the British Mandate for Palestine, 1918-1948; Jerusalem, Zalman Shazar Centre for the Furtherance of the Study of Jewish History and Historical Society of Israel, 285 pp., price not listed).

The latest in the Centre's "Jewish Historical Sources" series, the book consists of four sections: the workers' parties up to the founding of Mapai and from Mapai's founding (1930) up to the establishment of the State; the rightist, centrist and general parties; the religious parties. Each section consists of a general introduction by the editor, Baruch Ben-Avram, and extracts from relevant speeches and writings. Appendices give the faction-by-faction results of the elections to the Zionist Congresses, the Hata'adut and the Asefat Hanivharim during the period covered. There is a selected bibliography of 30 titles.

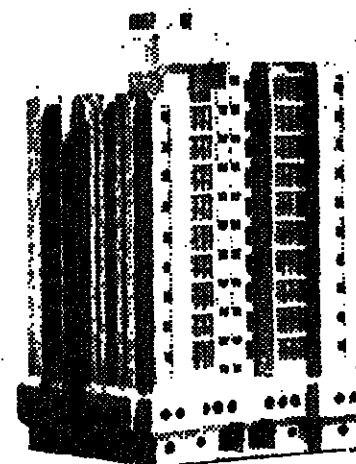
MOSHE KOHN



The Thinker—Auguste Rodin (1840-1917)

MASTER PIECE MEGIDDO TOWER JERUSALEM

3 to 4 Bedroom quality apartments, overlooking the wonderful view of the Knesset, Saker Park and the Crusader's Valley.



- Designed and built in a style exemplifying the modern approach
- An underground passage gives safe access to the Saker park, for sport and recreation

R. Megiddo & Co. Engineers Ltd
Head office: 17 Haro's St. Ramat Gan,
Tel. 03-733157



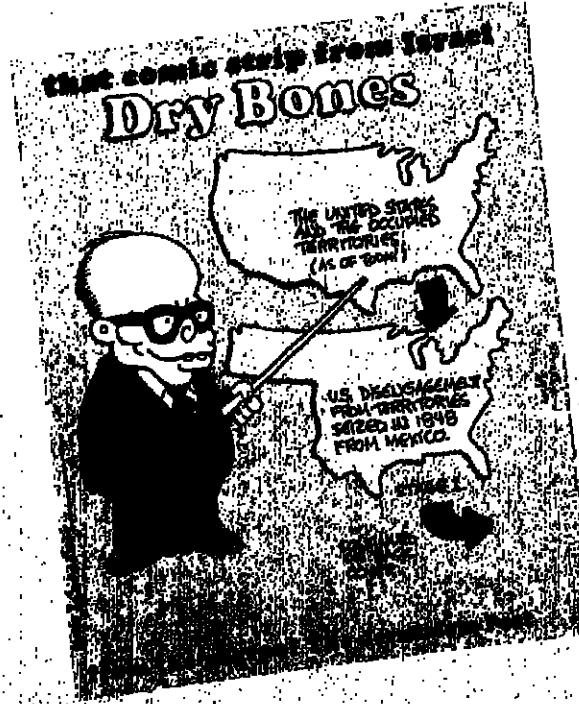
BUILDER OF QUALITY

Jerusalem sales office: Shderot Y. Ben Zvi. Tel. 02-243080, 02-234372

BETTER INVESTMENT IN QUALITY BUILDING

- Megiddo Towers gives you maximum privacy
- Sole units of heating and hot water installation
- Maintenance and cleaning company takes care of the apartment blocks.
- Store room and covered parking for all apartments.
- Superior new model lifts.

Gov-Sion



HOT OFF THE PRESS, THE NEW Dry Bones CARTOON ALBUM.

128 PAGES FROM THE PEN OF ISRAEL'S LEADING CARTOONIST.

Foreword by Mayor Teddy Kollek (L50 including packing and post Available wherever The Jerusalem Post is sold. Sole Distributor, Atlas Ltd.

To: The Jerusalem Post, POB 81, Jerusalem, Israel.

Please send me — copy/copies of the new Dry Bones cartoon book at L50 each incl. pkg/post (surface mail). My cheque is enclosed.

NAME..... ADDRESS.....

הכרזה מן האכל

YOSSEF NAVEH, of the Hebrew University, one of the world's leading experts in Semitic epigraphy and paleography, has collected here all the Aramaic and Hebrew inscriptions found in ancient synagogues and so far published in various journals and books. Ninety seven of them are from Eretz Yisrael, 17 from Dura-Europos in Mesopotamia, two from Yemen, and one from Tarragona, Spain. This book does not contain the inscriptions from the Samaritan synagogues, because, Naveh says in his foreword, "their style is different and they present different problems from those found in the Jewish synagogues."

Mosaics of Eretz Yisrael



Mosaic floor at Byzantine-period synagogue, Kibbutz Nirim, Negov.

(Werner Braun)

In a 18-page introduction, the author surveys the history of the synagogue, which is assumed to have been first instituted during the Babylonian Exile in the 6th century BCE. We also know of synagogues in Egypt since the reign of Ptolemy III in the middle of the 3rd century BCE. From the Talmud, the writings of Josephus, and the Christian Bible we know of synagogues in Eretz Yisrael in the latter days of the Second Temple period. Remains have been found at Masada and Herodian, apparently built by the people known as "the Zealots" during the First Revolt against the Romans. The oldest inscription from an Eretz Yisrael synagogue is the one found by Raymond Well in the Ophel (City of David) in Jerusalem in 1914. Written in Greek, it dates from Herodian times, but points to the existence of an even older synagogue in Jerusalem. The inscription, whose original is in the Rockefeller Museum in Jerusalem, says: "Theodotus, son of Uettenos, Priest and Archsynagogos (head of a synagogue), son of an Archsynagogos, grandson of an Archsynagogos, built this synagogue for the reading of the Tora

and the teaching of the Commandments. And he built the hostel, the rooms and the water installations for the accommodation of people coming from abroad and needing them. [The synagogue] was founded by his ancestors, by the Elders and by Simonides."

THE BOOK under review presents the inscriptions in geographical order, from northern to southern Eretz Yisrael, concluding with those

at which it was found; a photograph or sketch of the original; the printed texts of the inscriptions (with a Hebrew translation of the Aramaic ones); and an analysis. With each inscription, there is at the bottom of the page a brief, selected bibliography of books and articles in which it was discussed after it was first found. In his introduction, Naveh discusses the general problems involved in the study of ancient synagogues and inscriptions, and with each inscription he discusses its specific problems.

Among the more fascinating inscriptions are one found in 1974 in the fields of Kibbutz Eln Hanatzi, about 800 metres northwest of Tel Rehov in the Beit She'an Valley, and another found in the floor of a mosque in Beit el-Khadr, east of Sana'a, Yemen, in 1970 and deciphered in 1978. The former, dating from sometime between the 5th and 7th Centuries CE, is a Halachic text summarizing Talmudic laws of tithes and *shmitta* (the sabbatical year) in different parts of Eretz Yisrael. It is the oldest "original and unedited Talmudic text" we have, providing valuable information as to place names and as to which places were regarded as belonging to Eretz Yisrael in terms of the sanctity laws, regardless of geo-political location.

The one found in Yemen is a 18-line fragment listing 11 of the 24 Priestly shifts that took turns serving in the Temple in Jerusalem. This is much longer than the tiny fragments found at Caesarea, Ashkelon and Kibbutz Kisaufim. Among other things, this fragment provides further evidence of the antiquity of the Yeminite Jewish Diaspora.

ALL TOLD, from these inscriptions we gain further insights into the historical geography of Eretz Yisrael, the way of life of our people in antiquity, the way we once wrote, and even to some extent, how we pronounced Hebrew and Aramaic.

The material is presented in a scholarly manner but is comprehensible to the lay person, too. Superbly printed and bound, it makes an excellent companion volume to the Hebrew-English *Ketoret Mesopotam*

found abroad. Each is presented with a brief description of the site

Moshe Kohn

Can it be...?

(After Rahel's "Ve'ulal")

Can it be
It was only the play of a dream...
fantasy?

Can it be
that I toiled in my garden at break
of a dawn that I never did see?

Was it all but a dream —
that radiant gleam,
that shimmering sunlight of spring?

Can it also be true
that my sky wasn't blue,
that my heart never really did sing?

Is it only a jest —
was my soul not caressed
by the waves
of Kinneret, my sea?

O Kinneret, my sea,
did you ripple your tender reply?

O Kinneret, my sea,
O Kinneret, my sea,
was it only a rhapsodic sigh?

(Translated from the Hebrew by Avigdor Hareli)

The tales the tels tell

THESE MAGNIFICENTLY produced and illustrated volumes complete the publication in English of an ambitious project — the comprehensive collection of descriptions of archaeological sites in Eretz Yisrael and of the work done on them.

The books are a visual feast. The photographs and illustrations are vivid and well chosen and the layout and printing are splendid. Particularly welcome are the diagrams illustrating the reconstruction on the sites, for words alone cannot really tell you what an archaeological site looks like.

In happy contrast to the editors of all too many works of reference, the editors of the volumes under review have adopted a policy of having articles signed. There is a particular reassurance in knowing you are reading David Ussishkin on Lachish or Yigael Yadin on Megiddo. The coverage of digs under the Ottoman Turks and the British Mandate is excellent, drawn from the original records, diaries, and notes of the people involved. It seems to have been editorial policy to have the more recent excavations discussed by the archaeologists who directed them where this was possible. A particular advantage of this approach is that the reader comes to the material, as it were, at first hand, and not through the filter of interpretations later imposed on the work.

ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXCAVATIONS IN THE HOLY LAND. Edited by Michael Avi-Yona and Ephraim Stern. Vol. III, Ji-N and Vol. IV, O-2. New Jersey, Prentice-Hall. Price not stated.

Martin Sleff

In volume III, the sections on Masada, Megiddo, Lachish, and the Judean Wilderness caves naturally command the attention, but the humbler sites are given due coverage and illustration. One sad note is that this volume appeared posthumously for more than half the editorial board: of the five listed, only Yigael Yadin and Nahman Avigad survive.

THE WORK finishes on a high note, with Samaria, Rabbat-Ammon, Shechem, the caves of Qumran, the great copper-mines of Timna, Pella (home of the early Jewish Christians), and Petra (the legendary "rose-red city half as old as time") dominating the action. As with earlier volumes in the series, the descriptions of the work done in the various excavations are admirably clear and straightforward, apparently sticking close to the excavator's original reports, so that the reader is not forced to rely upon later interpretations and constructions placed on what was ac-

tually found. The bibliographical notes are short, but very much to the point. The photographs are well chosen, while the maps, diagrams and artistic reconstructions are outstanding in their attractiveness and clarity.

In surveying the vast range of energy and talent recorded in these pages, one sees that Israel takes second place to no one in archaeology. Returning to this tiny, pegruiled strip of earth after millennia of wandering; surrounded by ferocious enemies and having — at best — lukewarm friends, only some of whom as much as grudgingly acknowledge our right to our precarious existence here, it is no wonder that so many Israeli Jews turn for solace to the rich and indisputable mute evidence of that right to be found in the reviving land itself. The Solomonic grandeur at Megiddo, the desperate heroism at Masada and the Patriarchal Age magnificence at Lachish all bear witness to a past relationship with this land when not only the United Nations but the very states that comprise it were scores of generations from the existence they now begrudge to us.

Which leaves me with the encouraging reflection that the readers of far-future editions may well look upon today's Russian and Arab enmity with the same detached curiosity that we save for the Canaanite and Roman grandeur in this useful and superbly produced book. □

(Continued from page 14)

war and peace... In the last two days Ruthie has had a new job: lugging shirkers in the poorer parts of the city. She's been impressed by the many litter answers she got there, with people not having enough to eat. In fact, during the last few weeks, apart from 200 g. of bread a day (only 150 today), we've been getting one (in of milk each, 100 g. of margarine, a little sugar; also 100 g. of coffee per person per week, and once, 200 g. of frozen meat, almost spoiled for lack of ice... Telegrams can now be sent — up to 10 words. We shall try to contact Yaacov.

JUNE 8— For the past two days and nights they've been shelling the centre of the city, particularly the tall buildings, and we've been lobbing shells in the direction of Damascus Gate. People are getting increasingly nervous as shells come closer and closer. Several acquaintances killed; burials are "temporary" now, in coffins. This morning we watered the garden with dirty water, to save what we can. But one asks oneself: what for, since so much has been destroyed? On the whole, though, the damage is less than one would have assumed from the shelling.

Yesterday two Red Cross cars brought five Old City Jews back from Amman. One car had bullet marks, and the older physician was obviously infuriated by the Arab attitude. The younger one, just arrived from Neuchatel, where Hannah studied in her youth, was in a better temper; he assured Hannah that there would be a cease-fire this Thursday.

There are stories that Jewish planes dropped arms and cigarettes a few days ago. The arms were found, but the cigarettes are reported to have reached the black market already.

JUNE 10— A temporary six-hour cease-fire today to enable the Red Cross office to be transferred to Amman and Beirut. Jaffa Road and Ben Yehuda Street crowded: people say hello as if they've just returned from America — "Wonderful to see people still alive."

The older people are still rather dejected; the youngsters complain that the truce is "just what the Arabs wanted" — no immigration, no arms for Jerusalem. But on the whole the mood is excellent, despite (or because of) the fact that everybody has a story of a shell at least right next to his house.

Full mobilization for everyone up to the age of 48. Hard to imagine that only a short time ago I had to hunt for people for guard duty in Rehavia, promising to try to limit them to four hours twice a week, then one-and-a-half days (12 hours in all). Today, nobody thinks that other matters are important.

Yesterday evening Ruthie visited a soldier released from the Old City because he was wounded. His story: casualties had to return here? He can all the big shots go down to Tel Aviv and even (take their families along, and not other people? And now that there are things to buy, where's the money to come from? And so on and so on. "People in Tel Aviv don't know anything about war. They've forgotten about us, and so has the government."

In fact, you hear people saying that in the government's opinion, Jerusalem can't be held strategically and it may be interesting to nationalize that, in my view, (this for the first time)

and the centre of town; a few casualties due to carelessness. At 4 p.m. Netanel shows up, well and in good spirits, even with some macaroni and sugar: a heavy load off my chest. And then a note from Yaacov. We really counted the Omer for this hour, though the relief can only be temporary.

There is little Arab traffic. Are they scared or have they been stopped? Already some taxis to Ramallah. I observe 30 soldiers training on French Hill, a Red Crescent car at the Egyptian position near Mar Elias, some Arabs on top of the College des Freres, some on top of David's Tower, but everybody is holding back. And going down King George Avenue, not a soul except for a few armed fellows looting.

A Lehi poster demands: confiscation of enemy property as guarantee for indemnification for shell damage; no secret negotiations with the Jewish government and cancellation of the truce; observers only from U.S., France and Belgium, without Russia. Coupled with declarations by IZL and Lehi that Jerusalem must become Jewish, this opens up some doubtful perspectives, especially if our central authority is in Tel Aviv and also in view of the large Orthodox community here, which will be ready for only the smallest sacrifices and which is increasing all the time.

JULY 11— The four weeks' cease-fire has served its purpose, more or less. In Jerusalem, it started with a kind of mental and moral relaxation. It took a week to increase the rations, slowly to distribute vegetables and fruit. They planes dropped up wine and cigarettes. Right to the end, no kerosene, electricity only every third day for three hours, no water at all.

It was Bernadotte's worst reverse — and therefore our greater triumph — that until the day before yesterday we held out with the well-organized distribution of 10 litres a head. From yesterday we are getting water four times a week, but we know they've nearly completed our own pipe from Hulda.

The second Jewish victory was the "Burma Road" — probably a bit against UN rules, as it was "finished" only two days after the truce began. A *Mishmar La'am* man who had been called "for 10 minutes" on Shavuot Sunday, dressed for Shabbat, and had worked there for three days, of which 24 hours without water, came back full of enthusiasm for this engineering marvel. As a result, there was again an "Aliya A" checked by UN supervisors and an "Aliya B" by way of the Burma Road, the latter within view of the Arabs, but without any interference or even protest.

Now, after these four weeks of restraint, nerves have been giving way. Why no postal connection with Tel Aviv yet? Why no pay for soldiers' families? Why no fruit and vegetables? Why 28 miles for an egg in Tel Aviv and 46 miles here? Why can all the big shots go down to Tel Aviv and even (take their families along, and not other people? And now that there are things to buy, where's the money to come from? And so on and so on. "People in Tel Aviv don't know anything about war. They've forgotten about us, and so has the government."

In fact, you hear people saying that in the government's opinion, Jerusalem can't be held strategically and it may be interesting to nationalize that, in my view, (this for the first time)

may be the reason for Bernadotte's surprising suggestion that Jerusalem should become Arab. That would give the Arabs complete success on one issue without the State of Israel losing anything.

Bon-Gurion found it necessary to come here in person and to inspect the front-line positions. But because of his popularity here (not increased by the Aitlena case), he was driven around just like a British general: guards in front and behind, with machine guns trained on the street. With more psychology, he would have taken two Scotland Yard types in mufti instead of 10 guards without any experience at all (I happen to know one of them). But at least he invited his guards to lunch at Grete Ascher's [pension].

TWO DAYS ago, on Friday morning, the cease-fire came to an end. Everyone had prepared his own shelter, but up to the last moment I, along with many others, was convinced that the British and Americans would come to an agreement, that Abdullah would get everything and the others nothing, and that things would either not start up again any more, or at the most only for two or three days. But if battle was to be joined again, then let it be at 10.00 on the dot, and with everything available, in order to smash the enemy quickly.

In Jerusalem things started rather weakly... Only houses near Suba, Ein Karem, Malha and it's reported, Beit Safata, were attacked and taken easily. In the city itself the shells were far more impressive. Real losses relatively small.

Our guns answered, partly to impress the public. For example: according to the press, our artillery shelled a gun position near Nebi Samwil and scored a direct hit on a main building. In fact, I observed one single mortar shell, instead of on the quite visible gun-emplacement 200 metres to the left in the direction of the mosque — and that was all. But psychologically well worth it.

On Friday afternoon at 4.30 I still went on observation, where I was told (top secret) that the Old City would be attacked at 10 p.m. So I stayed overnight, and it was worth while, if only as a spectacle. Militarily it obviously came to nothing, with all the disadvantages of wrong publicity: it started too late; our dynamite, loaded on trucks parked close together, caught fire; long and anxious intervals between salvos.

"Bright features": a fire behind David's Tower; phosphorus lights in Jaffa Road all night, and on Mt. Zion; a great many Very lights, those on parachutes especially impressive, magically illuminating the Old City, and at the end a fire near the College des Freres.

We both felt, N? and that really was all. Shooting, lulls, but what about taking the Old City? Altogether seven hours to go, six, five, four, and then a quarter of an hour — and there was nothing. Result: hurting the feelings of the whole world without any strategic justification.

Anyway, all Jerusalem, spending the night in beds or shelters, declared unanimously that this was the worst night of all, although this time it was our guns that made most of the noise. I discovered that the Arabs have about 12 guns around Jerusalem, located near Bir Nabala. The shells take 20 seconds before impacting, which gave us time to find shelter when necessary. □

HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN!



There was the Jimmy Carter visit, the Eurovision Song Contest, then Pessah, then the Book Fair and now its our thirty first Independence Day.

You must admit for a small country, Israel is always a-doing.

Wouldn't it be nice if your friends and relatives back in the old country knew about it.

Not just the scare headlines they read in their local paper, but the real news as read by Israelis every day.

So here's what you do. You send them a subscription to The Jerusalem Post International Edition. Airmailed from Israel every week its 24 pages are chockful of news, views, photos, features, cartoons, and all those little places that are the real flavour of our country.

Send us the coupon below, we'll do the rest.

THE JERUSALEM POST INTERNATIONAL EDITION

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

My cheque for _____ (see rates below) is enclosed. Please send a gift card to the recipient in my name.

Name _____

Address _____

	AIRMAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATES	
	6 MONTHS	1 YEAR
U.S.A., Canada, S. Africa	US\$17	US\$30
U.K., Europe	US\$17	US\$30
S. America, Japan, Australia	US\$19	US\$35

Payment can be made in Israel Pounds at the rate of exchange on the day of payment, plus 12% VAT

הגזן מן האכל